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The Shape of Things

BARRING A NEAR MIRACLE, THE COAL MINES will be shut down before this issue of *The Nation* reaches most of its readers. For the second time within eight months, for the eighth time within five years, John L. Lewis will have signaled "No contract," and miners throughout the country will have automatically answered "No work." But this time the contract he has denounced is one to which the government is a party, and Secretary of Interior Krug holds, with the backing of the Attorney General, that it covers the period of government possession of the mines and can only be ended by mutual consent. So Mr. Lewis may have to attempt to prove in court that he has not instigated a strike, thus rendering himself liable to prosecution under the War Labor Disputes Act. This promises a pretty legal tangle which may occupy the courts for months. However, injunctions are even poorer implements for digging coal than bayonets, and they are not likely to do very much to halt the industrial paralysis which will be the inevitable result of a prolonged mining stoppage. Average stocks on hand are said to amount to two months' supply, but the steel industry will probably be brought to a standstill within a few weeks, and the innumerable factories dependent on steel will not be able to keep going much longer. Drastic curtailment of production just as prices have been decontrolled may well give a sharp upward twist to the inflationary spiral. But that will only increase the certainty of equally sharp deflation, as loss of wages and exhaustion of savings by laid-off workers cuts deeply into purchasing power. It is difficult to see how the miners can gain any advantage commensurate with the damage the strike will inflict on workers in general and, in the long run, on the miners themselves.

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WHAT SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT DO NOW? We confess that we find it singularly hard to offer useful suggestions. Mr. Krug has taken the position that the government as "interim custodian" of the mines cannot grant the far-reaching changes in hours and wages which Mr. Lewis has demanded. He proposed a two-months' moratorium so that negotiations could be carried on between the miners and operators, promising that if no agreement had been reached by January 16 the government would withdraw from the industry and leave it "to the normal operation of economic forces." Mr. Lewis caustically dismissed this plan in a whirl of rhetoric. The real objection to it from the miners' point of view seems to be that the operators have not agreed to accept the Krug-Lewis contract, which includes the all-important welfare levy, even as a basis of negotiations; so that the union would be back where it was before the spring walkout. But Mr. Lewis, it seems to us, has thrown away this argument by denouncing the contract, relinquishing a substantial bird in hand in the hope that his strike blunderbuss will bring down two in the bush. The result is an impasse. The Administration, already in a weakened condition, cannot afford to retreat; to do so would make it an object of public derision. Mr. Lewis, his ego swollen by past triumphs, will not dream of backing down. All the portents, therefore, point toward a war of attrition with an end that cannot easily be foreseen. But one thing seems certain; the forces gathering for a full legislative onslaught on the unions will be immensely stimulated and strengthened.

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MISSISSIPPI'S TWIN STATESMEN HAVE GROWN so used to playing on the wrong side of the aisle in Congress that it took more than a week for them to discover that, like Democrats everywhere else, they were on the losing end of the affair of November 5. That pertinent fact has now been driven home to them by two arresting incidents. First, the Republican steering committee has decided that it will challenge the right of Senator Bilbo to take the oath when Congress convenes in January. Charges that he intimidated Negro voters in the

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primary campaign and took a toll in graft from war contractors will then be referred to the Rules Committee. Whereas a two-thirds' vote would be required to oust him once the oath were taken, a simple majority is all that is required to keep him from taking his seat in the first instance—and the Republicans, perhaps with an eye on the Negro vote in 1948, apparently intend to use their newly won majority for that purpose. The second blow of the week for the Mississippi coalitionists came in the form of a slap at John Rankin by J. Parnell Thomas, which is news of the dog-bites-dog variety. Mr. Thomas, who is slated to become chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities when the Republicans take over, condemned the "star-chamber proceedings" in which Rankin, sitting as a tyrannical one-man subcommittee, subjected that very distinguished scientist, Dr. Harlow Shapley, to his usual bullying tactics. When Dr. Shapley very properly resisted this invasion of his rights as a citizen, Rankin threatened to cite him with contempt of Congress. But this time the Mississippian overshot the mark and, finding even his usual supporters joining his critics, was forced to back down.

*

UNTIL THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION, THE state of Alabama had been an island of liberal refuge between the Scylla of Mississippi and the Charybdis of a Georgia which had relapsed into Talmadgism. But on November 5 Alabama voted to adopt the Boswell amendment to its constitution, an amendment which will set up the most highly restrictive voting qualifications in force in any state in the Union. The author of the amendmentment is Representative E. C. (Bud) Boswell of Geneva, in Alabama's Black Belt. Mr. Boswell wanted "to save our Alabama traditions and principles from the frontal attack of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and their radical allies . . . [to] maintain and insure white supremacy in Alabama, by law, for the salvation of both the Negro and white races." The amendment provides that each applicant for the right to vote must appear before the board of registrars in his county and be able to read, understand *and explain*, to the board's satisfaction, any section of the Constitution of the United States. It is a foregone conclusion that registrars will accept no Negro's explanation of any part of the Constitution. The leaders of organized labor and many newspapers opposed the amendment, but the rank and file of labor in the large industrial districts failed to go to the polls. Racial prejudice is probably stronger than loyalty to a union, and every questionable device known to racial bigots was brought forth by proponents. The amendment was the baby of the state Democratic committeemen, and passed by the small majority of less than 10,000 votes out of 200,000 cast. It will, of course, be tested in the courts

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at the earliest opportunity. Many of the state's lawyers believe it will be held unconstitutional. Meanwhile, Alabama has taken a step backward, much to the dismay of those who have been priding themselves on the advancing forces of progressivism within the state.

*

HIGH UP IN THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL the Big Four Foreign Ministers are again going over the draft peace treaties with Italy, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Finland, trying to reach agreement on unsettled issues. The sessions are private, and although the press is being given fairly full summaries, it is not always easy to judge the tone of the proceedings. On the basis of precedent, however, we can assume that while the language used is often undiplomatically frank it remains essentially double-talk. The ministers, for instance, will wrangle for days over the apparently minor question of who is to control the police in the Free State of Trieste —the U. N.-appointed governor or the elected council? It is agreed that in an emergency the former must take charge. But Messrs. Byrnes and Bevin urge that if he is to have the power to do so the chief of police must be appointed by him and responsible to him. Mr. Molotov demurs on the ground that this would be undemocratic and destructive of self-government. He probably expresses this opinion forcefully; he does not say that behind his objection is a fear that America and Britain want to turn Trieste into a spearhead of Western imperialism, nor do Byrnes and Bevin utter their real belief that the Russians aim at making the city an outpost of the Slavic bloc. Yet there can be little hope of allaying these suspicions unless they are dragged into the daylight and examined candidly. Even if mutual exhaustion leads to a compromise on Trieste, the agreed solution to the problem will have little validity without a common effort to make it work. Instead, we shall see a struggle inside the infant free state, with each side attempting to use it as an implement of power.

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IN CONVOKING THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN Nanking without the presence of the Communists or the Democratic League, Chiang Kai-shek has slammed the door against further conciliation efforts. Despite the presence of a few non-party representatives and delegates from the Youth Party, the Assembly is predominantly a hand-picked Kuomintang body. Its sole function is to ratify, with minor changes, the pre-war draft constitution, which is designed to regularize the Kuomintang's one-party dictatorship by creating a façade of democratic terminology. Chiang's decision to plunge ahead on such a major undertaking as the writing of the national constitution without the opposition parties is a direct challenge to American policy as outlined eleven months ago by President Truman. It amounts to the open avowal of an intention to use force rather than the ballot or other democratic means to settle the differences between the Kuomintang and the Communists. Thus, Mr. Truman is faced by the necessity of making good on his implied threat of withholding aid from China's one-party regime. The reactionary wing of the Kuomintang is clearly banking on the assumption that the United States will continue its support to prevent increased Communist influence. But John Carter Vincent, director of Far

Eastern Affairs of the Department of State, strongly hinted that this country would not retreat from the policy outlined in the Truman directive when he told American business interests that "it is unsound to invest private or public capital in countries where there is widespread corruption . . . where a government is wasting its substance on excessive armament . . . where the threat of civil war exists . . . or where undemocratic concepts of government are controlling." We trust that the implications of this statement are being carefully studied in Nanking.

*

THE NEW INDONESIAN-DUTCH AGREEMENT appears to provide a solution for this knotty colonial question satisfactory to the legitimate interests of all concerned. The Indonesian Republic is recognized as the government for Java, Sumatra, and Madura. This republic is then to be federated with the autonomous states of Borneo and the Great East in a United States of Indonesia, which will be linked with the Netherlands in a partnership under the Queen. Dutch and other foreign business men are assured of equal tax rights in Indonesia, and the Dutch are guaranteed equal treatment with Indonesians in civil rights. Foreign relations and national defense fall under the authority of the new Netherlands-Indonesian Union, thus assuring common action in world affairs. Although the pattern is similar in many respects to that of the British Commonwealth, the proposed U. S. I. has the advantage, from the Dutch viewpoint, of providing a stronger constitutional bond with the mother country while giving the Indonesians full rights of self-government in domestic matters. It remains to be seen, however, whether the more extreme Indonesian nationalists will accept even these loose ties with the Netherlands.

EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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HAROLD ICKES LONG AGO CALLED HIMSELF a curmudgeon, and the country pretty well accepted his estimate. There is no need for him now to drive the point home with a sledge-hammer. We are not thinking of his break with the Independent Citizens' Committee —that was inevitable, reasonable, and gracefully executed—but of his splenetic assault on David Lilienthal. Devoting his New York *Post* column to the indulgence of long-accumulated resentments, Ickes writes that "it would have been better if there had been a less romantic acclaim of Mr. Lilienthal" on the occasion of his appointment as head of the Atomic Energy Commission. He suggests—in contradiction of Mr. Lilienthal's personality, his record, and the facts as we know them—that the deservedly respected chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority lobbied for the appointment with the brassy persistence of a job-hungry ward-heeler. And he takes it upon himself to write off as "bunk" the "deep humility" avowed by Lilienthal when he accepted the appointment. With the feline touch of a Clare Luce he adds that "Mr. Lilienthal is not capable of 'deep humility' except when he contemplates the reflection in a mirror of Mr. Lilienthal himself." Not a single fact appears in the Ickes indictment, but only the emotionalism of an embittered man. Certainly there is no hint of the probable source of his current choler—the feud between a Secretary of the Interior who wanted TVA brought under his own control and a chairman who fought successfully to keep it locally administered. Without going into the merits of that controversy, it is impossible to miss the irony in the Curmudgeon's gratuitous warning to the members of the new commission. They are to keep a watchful eye on a chairman who is "willing to arrogate to himself all of their powers and responsibilities." Speaking of mirrors, Mr. Ickes. . . .

Spain Again

THE Spanish question comes up this week in a rather new context. Although the resolution advocating a general break with Franco was introduced in the General Assembly by Poland, it was Trygve Lie who insisted in his opening speech that the issue should be faced and disposed of. His demand has been echoed by a number of Western nations, both in Europe and Latin America. Indeed, the feeling he expressed is so widespread that only by marshaling the full strength of their respective blocs can Britain and the United States hope to head off a two-thirds' majority in favor of Poland's resolution.

This is a situation neither of the big Western powers can exactly relish, and Mr. Bevin's job is made even more difficult by the revolt in the Labor ranks at home. He will probably stick to the old non-intervention line, but with increasing discomfort. The American attitude is accurately described by J. Alvarez del Vayo on a later page, and the picture he gives is one to dismay every democrat in the country. At last the United States moves into the lead, instead of following the British; at last we take the initiative. But to what an end! Solemnly protesting our dislike of Franco, solemnly advising the Spanish people to get rid of him, we busy ourselves lining up our unwilling satellites to defeat any effective action against him in the Assembly. And we do all this in the face of a demand for action that this time cannot possibly be dismissed as Communist-inspired.

The broad effect of our behavior is already painfully apparent. In the popular view of almost every country of the world, the United States is coming more and more to symbolize intransigent reaction cloaked in pious hypocrisy. Even our most humane and liberal attitudes—such as those embodied in the refugee plan and in our support of civil rights and free elections—have been largely offset by our consistent hostility to social and political change. Spain, as always, remains the infallible test of democratic honesty. For the United States at this time to assume leadership in a fight to prevent action on Spain in the Assembly will be taken as final proof against us.

There is still time to rally opinion in support of a decent policy on Spain. We urge Nation *readers to write to the American delegation at the General Assembly of the United Nations asking it to vote for the Polish resolution recommending a rupture of relations with Franco. We urge, also, that the C. I. O., meeting in Atlantic City, repeat its own stand, so often stated, in support of action against fascism in Spain.*

Why does the State Department persist in its old and dismal policy toward Franco? What do we want? Of what are we afraid? The expert who discussed with Mr. del Vayo the danger of civil war was not, we assume, concerned only with sparing the Spanish people a new period of suffering. They are suffering today and will continue to suffer as long as fascism is held in power. What our government presumably fears is a Communist regime arising in Spain as the result of a political overturn—with or without a civil struggle. If war comes, Spain must be under the control of the West, not the East. If war comes, a Communist Spain would side with Russia, while a fascist Spain—oh, final irony! —would be a willing ally of the West. There are new American landing fields in Spain built with the cooperation—at a good price—of Franco. There are valuable metals and other raw materials. There are bases which control access to the Mediterranean.

Is it far-fetched to suspect that considerations such as these are factors in our refusal to countenance real action against Franco? If the premises on which they are based

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were sound, they would have at least the same validity as Russia's desire to dominate the Dardanelles or Britain's fixation on the Middle East. But the premises are false. Communism has few roots in Spain, where the temper of the people is fiercely individualistic and the non-Communist left parties and labor organizations are traditionally strong. Spain's natural trade and political relations are with the West. Its culture is Western. Only one thing could turn Spain to communism: if Britain and the United States continue their diplomatic and economic support of Franco, the Spanish Republicans may be driven closer to the one great power on which they feel they can depend. Deprived of the help of the Western democracies, non-Communist leaders will lose prestige and influence and eventually be superseded by those who all along have insisted that hope lies only with Moscow.

This week a new chance has come to break the ten-year stalemate on Spain. It will almost certainly be lost if the United States remains fixed in its present attitude. The Latin American countries, with very few exceptions, would back a break with Franco if they dared; as we go to press they are discussing among themselves the possibility of making a common stand. But it will be difficult for these delegations to act together in defiance of the United States. The greatest danger, we believe, is that they may accept some compromise move backed by the United States, such as the plebiscite proposal mentioned by Mr. del Vayo.

This plan, put forward by Señor Belt of Cuba, who seems to have succeeded Padilla of Mexico as the State Department's errand boy, offers the United States, and presumably Britain, a tempting way of escape from their dilemma. Nothing sounds fairer or more generous than a plebiscite—unless one remembers Hitler. A vote taken under international observation—assuming Franco obligingly agreed—would obviate both the necessity of applying direct pressure and the danger of civil war. Invoking a picture of the Spanish people happily trooping to the polls and voting Franco out of office while foreign correspondents look on, the plebiscite plan fits perfectly the formula suggested by Mr. Acheson last week.

The only difficulty is that a vote taken under the dictatorship would be a plain fraud, a cynical travesty on democratic procedure. Even if the State Department succeeded in winning some support for the proposal in Latin America, the final result would be disastrous. We strongly advise our government against trying it; American stock is low enough already in the democratic exchanges of the world.

[*Freda Kirchwey's announced editorial on progressive prospects in America will appear in the next issue of* The Nation.]

Revolt Against Bevinism

A LONDON dispatch in the New York *World-Telegram* of November 14 described sponsors of the back-bench labor protest against the government's foreign policy as an "anti-American, pro-Soviet minority." This is an inaccurate and dangerously misleading description. If the rebellious group represented merely the fellow-traveling fringe, Mr. Bevin would have little to worry about. The seriousness of the movement lies in the fact that it is led by thoroughly loyal and responsible labor men who would not lightly have risked disunity within the party's ranks had they not believed that a change in foreign policies was imperative. It is absurd to accuse R. H. S. Crossman, Michael Foot, or Jenny Lee of being pro-Soviet or anti-American. All of them have been severe critics of Moscow in the recent past, and the fact that they dislike the Bevin-Byrnes line does not mean that they hew to Stalin's.

Antagonism to Bevin's foreign policy has long been smoldering within the Labor Party. It is felt that he has made the Foreign Office far too much of an adjunct of the Department of State, that he has carried the doctrine of continuity to extreme lengths, and that he has leaned too heavily upon the advice of professional diplomats whose training and background render them entirely out of sympathy with the democratic forces emerging in the world today. That is the general indictment; it is illustrated and reinforced by Mr. Bevin's treatment of the Greek, Spanish, and Palestinian problems.

Until now, Labor Party critics of foreign policy have usually refrained from public protest. They have done so, partly because they hoped that Mr. Bevin, who has long commanded the affection and respect of British labor, would realize he had taken the wrong turning and would retrace his steps, partly because they appreciated the genuine difficulties created by Soviet intransigence. Above all, the back-benchers have kept quiet because they feared that party dissension might react unfavorably on the progress of a domestic program with which they were in thorough agreement.

Now they must speak out precisely because domestic policies are threatened by a shortage of man-power which in turn springs in part from foreign policy. Shortage of manpower is reflected in inadequate coal production, in a lag in housing, in the slow expansion of exports. It means a continuance of the war-time regimen of "austerity" which is weighing on British health and spirits. Premier Attlee and other ministers have lately been appealing for greater productivity, and indeed, unless that is achieved, hopes of recovering a pre-war standard of living cannot be realized. But at the same time, the Defense Committee of the British Cabinet is reported to be considering the maintenance of 1,500,000 men under arms, and Mr. Attlee has just brought for-

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ward a permanent conscription plan. "In thus asking the country to accept more guns and less butter," writes the *New Statesmen and Nation* of November 9, "the government is asking too much; and it is basing its appeal for harder work on the wrong grounds. Whatever arguments may be put forward by . . . the proponents of 'tough' foreign policy, a campaign for higher output by trade unionists based on the slogan 'Sweat your guts to keep your sons in khaki' is foredoomed to failure."

Another reason why the revolt has now come into the open is the Republican success in the American elections. The return to power of the G. O. P., claiming a mandate to restore undiluted free enterprise, has made many Britons wonder how long a Socialist Britain can run in double harness with a capitalist America. In addition, it has increased fears that American foreign policy will proceed from toughness to roughness, involving Britain in a conflict which might well lead to its obliteration. Some American critics of the Byrnes policy regard it as designed in Whitehall, but to many Britons the reverse seems true. They see Russian pressure against British interests in the Middle East and elsewhere as inspired largely by a desire to build a safety belt against American atomic aggression.

The Labor rebels, aside from a few fellow-travelers, want to relax the American embrace without recoiling into Russia's arms. They would like Britain to seek a middle way in association with like-minded countries and thus create a power bloc which would balance the conflicting forces to east and west. Their resolution requests the British government to "recast its conduct of international affairs so as to afford the utmost encouragement to and collaboration with all nations and groups striving to secure full Socialist planning," and thus "provide a democratic and constructive Socialist alternative to an otherwise inevitable conflict between American capitalism and Soviet communism." This certainly seems a more hopeful way of meeting the Russian challenge than Bevin's policy of nagging at Russia's satellites while attempting to build British outposts on the reactionary quicksands of Greece and Spain.

We write without knowing what the outcome of the revolt against Bevinism will be. Probably, the rebels will be defeated, but their foray will have been worth while nevertheless. For one thing, it points up the incompatibility between peaceful prosperity and the present competition in armaments. The urge for greater productivity for the improvement of living standards is common to Communist Russia, Socialist Britain, and capitalist America. All three countries are finding the burdens of armaments and armies hard to bear. In the first two, they are reflected particularly in shortage of man-power; in this country, as the Republicans are already discovering, they are the chief impediment to that reduction in taxes required to lubricate the machinery of free enterprise. All the Big Three powers, therefore, have a strong incentive to agreement on disarmament. Can they not find some way to ease their mutual suspicions so that this problem can be tackled with the urgency it deserves?

Confusion in the G. O. P.

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, November 14

THE Republican leaders on Capitol Hill are in the position of the gay young man who awakens after a night of celebration to discover that he is married to a very lively stranger. The bridegroom does not know what the devil to make of his new responsibility—and neither do the G. O. P. strategists.

Reporters and radio men have been swarming over the Hill for several days hunting Republicans who would talk. The politicians who earlier were so willing to oblige on anything from the shortage of hairpins to the heights reached by wages are now strangely reluctant to open their mouths in front of a notebook. Joe Martin, Republican leader in the House, innocently said he thought Senator Fulbright's idea that Harry Truman abdicate in favor of a Republican Secretary of State might be a good suggestion, but Senator Morse was sharper. He caught Fulbright in the hall of the Senate Office Building and asked him whether he wanted to ruin the Republican Party.

The awful truth is that the Republicans were much happier when all they had to do was take a lusty swipe at Harry Truman, Communists, and the OPA. They are appalled by the idea of having to run the country for the next two years. Privately some Republicans are lamenting that their party won control of both House and Senate. They only wanted the House.

Harry Truman, who is genuinely happy for the first time since he became President a year ago, is further embarrassing the Republicans. He is beating them to the punch in carrying out the G. O. P. program—reduction of taxes, elimination of economic controls, and huge cuts in the federal pay roll. This afternoon one of the Washington papers alarmed the thousands of minor bu-

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reaucrats and clerks who are wondering about their pay checks by running the headline, "U. S. Bureau Cuts to Come Sooner than Expected." Personnel and salary cuts, in fact, began almost the day after election in every government office in Washington. The OPA let out 10,000 at one stroke. The army is thinning out all its civilian employees. The State Department is acutely concerned over the problem of maintaining order in Germany and Japan after the army and navy appropriations are sliced.

Senator Taft

President Truman is cheerfully seconding every Republican suggestion. When Senator Ball announced belligerently that he had a handful of bills restricting the freedom of organized labor, the White House correspondent for the Washington *Post* said that was just dandy with Mr. Truman. His exact words were, "President Truman would approve reasonable amendments to the Wagner act. The Chief Executive was described as feeling that there are certain inequities in the act which the Eightieth Congress might well correct, to the end that there would be a fairer balance between management and labor."

Intimates of Mr. Truman tell me he is enjoying his new role. Certainly there was no trace of sorrow at his press conference on Monday. He read through a statement of policy like a schoolboy reciting his lesson, and then with a wide grin on his face shook hands with visitors. The President is only too glad to dump all the responsibilities on a Republican Congress. There is no evidence at this time that he intends to fight the Hill on any issue. All this is very confusing to the Republicans, whose strategy for 1947 as conceived before the election was to harass the Administration and nimbly step aside when public reaction hunted for the devil responsible for strikes, the high cost of living, the recession, and disintegrating foreign relations.

Joe Martin held a request press conference this week, but there was so little hard news in it that the reporters had to satisfy the customers with the story of how Joe rose from blacksmith's son to Speaker-apparent of the House. Martin was vague on the details of the G. O. P. tax bill and economy drive. They would be left, he said, to special Republican study committees.

Senator Styles Bridges, who will be the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, issued a statement filled with ringing generalities. Not even the skeleton of a factual, detailed program lurked in it.

"Curly" Brooks, the Chicago *Tribune* Senator who happened not to be a committee chairman or leading Republican strategy maker, had a novel suggestion. He would balance the budget and end "corruption, communism, and confusion" all at one sweep by eliminating "the radicals from our government rolls."

The G. O. P. on the Hill not only finds itself suffering from a lack of program for the next two years; it is also cursed with too many generals. In the Senate alone there are so many would-be leaders that, as a compromise, gentle Wallace White will be unenthusiastically shoved into the job of majority leader. Taft wanted the place, but he has annoyed so many Republicans to both left and right of him that he will probably have to be content with the chairmanship of the G. O. P. steering committee. Then any revolt against the Ohio Senator's views can be fought out behind closed doors and not on the Senate floor.

Even Senator Vandenberg's domination of foreign policy is threatened, and he may have to do some fancy trading with his opponents. Some of the Republican Senators consider the election returns a mandate to bear down on Russia in a way that would make Vandenberg's maneuvers look like a Boy Scout picnic. Senator Wherry of Nebraska, who has never been celebrated for his internationalism, has left for a "tour of inspection" of Europe. Considerable sentiment is developing among Republicans against any form of economic aid for foreign countries, and any steps to open wide the tariff doors will be vigorously opposed. Under Secretary of State Acheson at his news conference early this week indicated that the State Department was only too painfully aware of this.

An aggressive though small liberal bloc among the Republicans is going to insist that the G. O. P. must turn left to hold the voters for the 1948 elections. This group will not have much influence in the party councils, but it will continually snap at the heels of such old-timers as Joe Martin, Clarence Brown, and Charlie Halleck in the House. If the Democrats can manage any unified command they will have a good chance to split the Republican leadership on liberal measures. They are quite the opposite of the Republicans, however, in having no generals at all.

The Republicans have a job ahead that makes even the boldest swallow hard. The voters have put it up to them somehow to find houses, bring goods back on the market at lower prices, turn back the expected recession, restore security in the world, and prevent the atomic bomb from exploding over these United States. One of the Democratic Senators commented in dead seriousness, "I hope the Republicans are ten times better than they look."

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Nations at Work

BY VERA MICHELES DEAN

Tug of War Over the D. P.'s

Lake Success, November 16

THE poignant problems of human suffering which all too often are the forgotten quantity in international negotiations dominated discussions at Lake Success during the past week. In the muted atmosphere of committee rooms skilfully improvised at the former quarters of the Sperry gyroscope plant, with their softly colored walls and draperies and their day-long artificial lighting—reminding one observer of grim inquisitorial scenes in Koestler's "Darkness at Noon"—it is startling to hear the urgent appeals for help of flesh-and-blood people to whom, in turn, the devious phrases of high diplomatic strategy gambling with their lives appear remote and unreal. In this atmosphere the warmth of feeling expressed by LaGuardia with his customary histrionic vigor electrified even some of the hardened government representatives.

The two main humanitarian problems before the General Assembly are refugees (Social and Humanitarian Committee) and food (Economic and Financial Committee). These two problems, long on the conscience of mankind, have assumed new urgency because UNRRA, which has performed a valiant task in alleviating the sufferings of the displaced and the ill-fed, is slated to wind up its activities in 1947. What, then, is to take the place of UNRRA and complete a job that is admittedly far from finished? Will it be some new, if more limited, international organization, or shall we fall back on such measures of assistance as individual nations may prove ready to undertake? This is the basic issue with respect to both refugees and food.

The Assembly's Social and Humanitarian Committee has before it a draft constitution for an International Refugee Organization which has been under discussion for ten months. Russia rejected this draft when it was submitted to the Economic Council and in the opinion of some of the delegates is now filibustering to prevent its acceptance by the Assembly committee. The core of the controversy is this. There are still about 1,200,000 displaced persons in Europe, most of them in camps in the British and American zones of Germany. These camps are maintained and financed by the United States and Britain, which have performed the seemingly miraculous feat of repatriating some eleven million out of the twelve million D. P.'s who were in Germany on V-E Day. Russia asserts that a considerable number of the D. P.'s, notably those of Russian, Polish, and Yugoslav origin, were "collaborators" of the Germans during the war and should be returned to their native countries for trial as war criminals. The Western powers admit that some collaborators did take refuge in the camps, but point out that they are screening all suspects. They contend that, even after this screening has been completed, there will remain some 850,000 D. P.'s who, because of their political or religious convictions or, in the case of Jews, because of their fear of renewed anti-Semitism, will refuse to return to their homelands. These persons, according to the British and Americans, cannot be forced to return against their will; but neither can they be allowed to stay in Germany, where they will become a threat to security and an economic liability to the Allies. The Western powers, therefore, want to make arrangements for the resettlement of these residuary D. P.'s outside of Europe—principally in Canada and Brazil, which have offered opportunities for settlement.

To these proposals violent objections have been raised by Russia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, which argue that such settlers would become nuclei of opposition to the regimes in their homelands. Moreover, these three countries, all suffering from a shortage of man-power, have no desire to see potential workers go abroad to strengthen the economies of overseas countries. The cost of administering the International Refugee Organization is estimated at five million dollars, and the cost of resettlement at another five million—a sum regarded by many authorities as inadequate. Russia, Poland, and Yugoslavia, being wholly out of sympathy with the plans for resettlement, have so far refused to make any financial contribution toward their realization, although they might be willing to finance I. R. O. operations for repatriation of D. P.'s to their homelands. Underlying this complex controversy is the belief of the Western powers, courageously voiced by Eleanor Roosevelt, that the individual has rights which must be respected by the state, in sharp contrast to the view presented over and over again by the Russian spokesman, Foreign Vice-Minister Vishinsky, that the state is paramount, and the individual must bow unquestionably to its dictates.

While on refugees it is the Western powers which urge international action in opposition to Russia, the positions are reversed on the question of food. On Armistice Day LaGuardia pleaded before the Economic and Financial Committee for the creation of a $400,000,000 United Nations Emergency Food Fund for 1947 to tide European countries over until the next harvest. The following day, in Washington, Dean Acheson, Acting Sec-

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retary of State, indicated that in the opinion of the American government the time had passed for an elaborate international food agency, and that this country preferred to consider the food needs of individual nations, extending relief when necessary through grants or loans to be requested of Congress. There has been a growing feeling in Washington and throughout the country that aid should be extended, in the first instance, to "grateful" countries, and not merely to all peoples in need irrespective of their attitude toward us.

The policy of the United States was promptly denounced by Mr. Gromyko, who contends that this country is using food as a political weapon. On November 16 Professor Arutiunian, speaking for the U. S. S. R., paid tribute to the work of UNRRA and called for continuance of its food-distribution activities into 1947. But should this prove impossible, Russia, he said, was ready to back the LaGuardia proposal. While it is only natural for the United States, which has been contributing some 70 per cent of UNRRA's expenditures, to expect gratitude, we must remember that many of the receiving countries, having been for years in the forefront of our common battle, feel that the shoe is on the other foot, and that it is we who should be grateful to them, helping them now out of our war-expanded resources. It is entirely proper to inquire whether the food needs of European countries can be met more efficiently by international or by national action. But in one way or another they must be met—and there will be less temptation to use food for political purposes if it is distributed under the supervision of the United Nations than by a single nation, no matter how generous its intentions.

Moscow in November

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow, November 13

ON THE evenings of November 7, 8, and 9 Moscow's cold but snowless streets were crowded. Singing and dancing amateur "ensembles" from the various factories performed on illuminated platforms, and people in mufflers and padded coats danced on the pavements to the tunes of jazz bands. Occasionally a truck appeared, selling sandwiches, sausages, and cakes. Otherwise the twenty-ninth anniversary of the October Revolution passed off quietly. Stalin was not present at the Red Square parade. On the previous night, at the Bolshoi Theater, on a stage decorated with an immense portrait of Stalin and a bust of Lenin and draped with the sixteen red flags of the Soviet Republics, Zhdanov, in a long speech, gave a survey of the progress achieved during the first year of the Five-Year Plan and a brief analysis of the international situation.

People reveal a certain awareness of the formidable tasks still to be performed at home, of the many difficulties to which Zhdanov referred. Russia as a whole had a bad harvest, and this is reflected in the food situation. Bread rationing, which should have been abolished this year, is to continue until 1947. Zhdanov expressed regret at this and also at the fact that the government had found it necessary to increase the prices of rationed foods two-and-a-half and three-and-a-half times. He explained that the government's food reserves were low and would have to be replenished. In a recent article Professor Varga dwelt on America's wealth in food reserves and expressed some apprehensions about their being used as a political weapon: when spring comes, he said, some European countries will be tempted to ask America for food credits, and "the Americans will then try to lay down a variety of political conditions."

In the Kursk province and some other areas the harvest was so bad that emergency food supplies had to be sent in—and tributes are paid to Stalin for the fatherly care he took of the Kursk peasantry. Some villages, however, have food reserves, and these are not being sent to the cities in sufficient quantities; it is apparent that additional inducements must be offered to the peasants. The government is finding it necessary to direct special attention to the whole problem of internal trade. With the Five-Year Plan concentrating largely—especially at this early stage—on restoration of heavy industry, there is still a serious shortage of consumer goods. *Pravda* said recently, "Soviet and party organs must radically change their attitude on questions of internal trade and consumer goods."

MOBILIZING THE COOPERATIVES

The Soviet cooperative movement is being revived to help the government cope with the situation, and the decree of November 9 concerning the new functions of the cooperatives is described as of "exceptional impor-

ALEXANDER WERTH is the special correspondent in Russia of the Sunday Times *(London) and Allied Newspapers. A few weeks ago he obtained a sensational interview with Stalin which was widely quoted in this country. Our readers will recall that he was* The Nation's *correspondent in Paris before the fall of France, and will welcome the regular fortnightly dispatches from Moscow which he will be sending us from now on.*

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tance." Pursued to its logical conclusion, this policy should considerably alter the Russian urban scene in the coming year. There are 18,000 consumer cooperatives in the Soviet Union and 11,000 producer cooperatives (workshops and a few small and medium-sized factories) in Russia proper. The consumer co-ops, which until the present have been found only in the villages, acting as distributing centers for government goods only, are now to open booths and stores in the cities. They will sell not at state prices but at current market prices—though not above the prices of the government's "commercial" stores. This permits a considerable gain for the members of the cooperative and means that a serious competitor will have been created for the *kohkhoz* market; the highly probable result will be a general drop in prices. The government decree authorizes the consumer co-ops to sell bread, milk, meat, and a long list of other foods.

Where will they get their supplies? Here the question of marketing comes in. The co-ops will be marketing and buying organizations. The government is placing at their disposal 7,000 trucks, and it is hoped railway cars also, so that they can transport existing food reserves from out-of-the-way villages in remote parts of the country. The cooperatives will enter into what is called "healthy competition with the state."

The producer co-ops will also have a new function. Hitherto they have been largely working on government contracts and have been paid for their products at state prices. They reached the consumer through government stores. Now they will sell direct to the consumer and at market prices, which should provide a great inducement to production. The government will aid them by supplying equipment and raw materials and by instructing local authorities to help them to acquire premises, technicians, and skilled labor. The establishment of these cooperative shops in the cities should greatly relieve pressure on government stores, increase the supply of consumer goods, and encourage the peasants to come to town to buy. Since the producer co-ops have been instructed to concentrate on household goods, kitchen utensils, crockery, glass, furniture, hosiery, and shoes, their production will be an important contribution to the Five-Year Plan. The growth of both producer and consumer co-ops will be stimulated by the opportunities they offer for personal gain, and it is expected that a large number of people now unemployed or not working will be attracted into the movement.

Whether the co-ops with their new functions will become a permanent feature of the Soviet economy or are simply a solution for an emergency is still hard to say. The probability is that more centralized state trading will come into its own again when the flow of goods between the towns and cities has increased.

The mobilization of the co-ops as a producing, marketing, and trading auxiliary points up certain difficulties that have arisen as a result of the war, difficulties accentuated by the bad harvest. Although there have been substantial accomplishments in reconstruction during the first year of the Five-Year Plan, notably in heavy industry and textiles, these represent only "the very first steps," as Zhdanov and others have stressed. The high war casualties have caused a shortage of skilled labor, transport remains difficult, and there is a serious lack of machinery. The Soviet Union's interest in American credits was emphasized by Stalin in his reply to Hugh Baillie of the U. P. But at the same time the Russians have repeatedly made it clear that they will not consider any credits with political conditions.

THROUGH THE MOSCOW TELESCOPE

One frequently sees articles like Zaslavsky's in *Krokodil* the other day, which drew a sort of psycho-meteorological map of the world showing depression and storm clouds over America, rain over Western Europe, and sunny blue skies over the Soviet Union. In numerous utterances it is reiterated that the Soviet Union has "an economic system superior to any other—without crises or unemployment."

In the Russian view the results of the German and French elections are a confirmation of various theoretical and practical ideas about the world situation that have been put forward in Russia lately. If the greater part of the Germans voted Social Democratic rather than Communist, it was because the Germans are banking on opposition between the East and the West, have ideas of revanche at the back of their minds, and still have not absorbed the conception of the "new democracy," or, in fact, of any sort of democracy. Those who voted Social Democratic were not voting for German democracy but for the preponderant influence in Europe of Byrnes's Stuttgart speech. Above all, the Germans, owing to twelve years of Nazi indoctrination, are not quite like other people yet, the Russians say. Apart from Germany, which is the land of supreme opportunism, the Russians are largely convinced that the "new democracy" is making headway in Europe. The increase of Communist votes in France is considered highly symptomatic.

Stalin's selection of Churchill as warmonger number one was not accidental. Already, in England, a paper like the *New Statesman and Nation* notes that Churchill is fancying himself as the leader of World War III. Russia has considerable economic difficulties and an immense reconstruction program ahead. It is the last country in the world which wants another world war. The Russians

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ask therefore what Churchill's purpose could possibly have been when he started the story about two hundred Russian divisions on a war footing, except to cause unnecessary nervousness and possibly to try to bludgeon Russia, by creating intense friction, into abandoning certain strategic political positions in Europe. Incidentally, even before Stalin's statement about the sixty divisions which would shortly be reduced to forty, Allied military attachés in Moscow, including some who are highly critical of the Soviet Union, were more than skeptical about Churchill's figures. The Churchill speech is believed to have had unquestionable influence on the French elections by helping the Communists in their role as the great "peace party" and also as the "independence party" —that is, independence from the excessive inroads of Anglo-American influence and, still more, of French finance capital, which was notoriously collaborationist.

Byrnes's and Bevin's shoulder-shrugging about "What is a fascist?" and "What is a collaborationist?" marks, in the Russian view, a long retreat from their war-time positions, and can only strengthen the resistance of millions in France, Italy, and Eastern Europe to whom "fascists" and "collaborationists" are perfectly real persons. Such persons still exist in Europe, and so do the memories of the German occupation. Thus Churchill's and Byrnes's olive branches to Germany at this stage had precisely the effect we have seen in the French elections. In other words, the conception of the "new democracy" in Europe, as the Russians see it, is something which makes a spontaneous appeal to millions of people for a dozen different reasons—and for different reasons at different times. There is undeniably a clash of ideologies here, but what is interesting is that it is by a kind of instinct and intuition rather than through deliberate stimulation that the right in Europe has come to look to the West and the left has come to look to the East, or rather right and left are turning their backs on East and West. This tussle in Europe, as the Russians see it, is inevitable. What might, however, be regulated to some extent is the degree of friction; hence the welcome given in Russia to many of Wallace's arguments, the conciliatory tone of Stalin's statements, and Russian eagerness for business with America. The ideological conflict in Europe will continue, but in the Russian view there is no reason why this should spell the inevitability of physical war.

On the American elections the Russians have been extremely reserved, attributing the results to Democratic blundering rather than to any solid Republican achievements and concluding hopefully, "In both parties the struggle between the real friends of peace and the others will continue." The prospect of Dewey's becoming the next President is noted without comment.

Race Justice in Aiken

BY GEORGE McMILLAN

Aiken, S. C., November 13

ISAAC WOODARD'S demand that a Southern bus driver treat him like a man started a chain of events that were made to seem inevitable in Federal Court at Columbia, South Carolina, last week—even to the final event, the acquittal of the Batesburg police chief who blinded the Negro war veteran.

By speaking as he did on a bus that was making its way through the South Carolina piedmont Woodard threatened a way of life that is still taken for granted in that state.

While the case was being tried, the alleged acts of the police chief were overshadowed by the question of Woodard's behavior: in the ten hours after he was discharged from the army was it that of a "sober South Carolina Negro," or was it outside the pattern of conduct cut by South Carolina whites "for the inferior race to which Woodard belongs"?

In the turgid climate of the courtroom Woodard had to be acquitted of conduct unbecoming a Negro before Police Chief Lynwood Shull could be convicted of depriving Woodard of his constitutional right to "be secure in his person." Few in the courtroom knew, or seemed to care, that this was the first civil-rights case ever heard in South Carolina.

Every one of the witnesses who had been on or near the bus that night of February 12, 1946, was asked by the defense whether Woodard had talked profanely and obscenely "in front of, or in the hearing of, white ladies." All the defense witnesses said he had. The prosecution spent much of its time vainly trying to prove that Woodard was no more boisterous than the others in the group of understandably elated and hilarious men who had been discharged from the army that afternoon at Camp Gordon, Georgia.

The event that undoubtedly provoked Woodard into his angry argument with the bus driver was mentioned only indirectly at the trial. The bus driver had asked a white soldier who was sitting beside Woodard at the

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beginning of the journey to get up and move to the front. This man, known only by his nickname "Montana," did not appear as a witness for either prosecution or defense. With some other men aboard the bus, he had not only been discharged with Woodard but had also returned from the Pacific on the same troop transport.

It is easy to see how "Montana" and the other men felt for that moment in time a comradeship which overcame what must have seemed, if indeed they were conscious of it at all, the superficial ritual of segregation called for in the South Carolina setting.

One of the white veterans, Jennings Stroud, now a student at the University of South Carolina, did testify in Woodard's behalf. "Woodard was making noise," Stroud said, "but so were all of us."

The resentment aroused in Woodard when the bus driver asked Montana to move up front was perfectly natural. Later, when Woodard asked the driver to make a rest stop, the driver refused; he said, "Hell, no," according to the Negro. It was then that Woodard replied, "Dammit, you've got to talk to me like a man."

This reply of Woodard's, his claim that, though a Negro, he should be treated as a man, caused the driver —the conclusion is inescapable from the evidence at the trial—to single Woodard out for arrest at Batesburg. By the time Shull came on the scene to arrest Woodard the racial battle lines had been drawn, and Woodard stood convicted.

The defense was perfectly willing to let the jury decide between the word of Shull and that of Woodard. Only the two participants were able to make any assertion about what happened during their altercation. The blows were struck around the corner from the bus stop, in the dark, on a deserted block of tiny Batesburg's business district. The jury could take Shull's word that Woodard was still profane and resisted arrest by grabbing Shull's pellet-loaded blackjack; or it could take Woodard's word that he was merely protesting that Shull had no reason to arrest him, and that he grabbed Shull's blackjack only after Shull had already hit him.

The all-white jury had to choose between the word of a white man and the word of a Negro. Shull was acquitted in twenty-eight minutes.

Two facts which helped to bring the case to national attention went undisputed. Woodard is permanently blind, and Shull struck the blow which blinded him.

In the Wind

AROUND TOWN: The Wind spent most of the week blowing through the five boroughs that contain and surround its home office, eyes open, ears wide, and in general making a nuisance of itself. On the overhung morning of November 6, for instance, the Wind caused quite a traffic jam at a crowded intersection, regarding with prolonged fascination the *Daily Worker's* banner headline: "ALP Vote Strong."

CONVERSATIONAL FRAGMENT in the financial district, overheard that same morning, from a man who never flinched as part of a scaffolding fell loudly on to another part: "And another twenty shares dropped!"

THE DISPLAY WINDOW of the Mosler Safe Company, 320 Fifth Avenue, has been featuring a huge photograph of the rubble of Hiroshima. Staunch and undamaged in the middle of the photograph is a Mosler safe (advt). This is the way the world ends, with a bang and a well-protected insurance policy.

FARTHER DOWNTOWN, the City Hall Hardware Shop at 33 Park Row is offering a bargain sale in household odds and ends. One of the odds is a large basket filled with second-hand policemen's billy clubs, at twenty-nine cents each. "No Home Should Be Without One," declares a poster.

JUST TWO BLOCKS SOUTH, Modell's (198 Broadway) is holding *its* bargain sale—of surplus war property. Center of attraction is furnished by G. I. gas masks at nineteen cents each. "Children Will Love Them," chortles Modell's tag line.

UP IN THE HINTERLAND—Yonkers, that is—City Comptroller Thomas V. Kennedy has declined an $800 increase to his present annual salary of $7,200 because, he announced, "the city is not in a position to pay it." Kennedy, who passes on Yonkers's tax expenditures, goes on to say that "if you're going to have stabilization of government, it has to start with someone." "And find," Mr. Kennedy might have added, "what wind serves to advance an honest mind."

A SPY who snuck up to Buffalo over the week-end reports this sign on a cage in the zoo there: "Bald Eagle *(Haliaectus leucocepheles)*—range: the whole of North America. Never fishes for himself as long as he can rob the more skilful and industrious fish hawk. The bald eagle is our national emblem."

SCANNING the out-of-town papers in the huge Times Square newsstand which carries them, the Wind uncovered this editorial sentiment in the Tucson (Arizona) *Star*: The Republicans "will probably do what Senator Taft wants as long as he continues to be the leading bull in the Republican herd."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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The People's Front

THIS time there will be no doubt about where the last fascist regime in Europe is finding its chief support. I am in a position to affirm that the center of opposition to a democratic policy toward Spain has definitely shifted from London to Washington; in the last ten days, since the presentation of the various resolutions on Spain in the General Assembly of the U. N., it is the State Department which has taken command.

The change was rather sudden. Until Foreign Secretary Bevin arrived in New York, British representatives were busy—as they were last spring during the sessions of the Security Council—explaining the necessity of continuing to do business with Franco unless some deal could be worked out with the monarchists and the army. When Mr. Bevin stepped off the boat, he got the whole story of the Trade Union Congress meeting in Brighton, where his position on Spain had been repudiated by an overwhelming vote. The former Transport House official was badly jolted; for the first time he realized the full extent of the rebellion which has now crystallized in the protest amendments submitted by the sixty Labor M. P.'s. Bevin is too shrewd a politician to stake his own fate and that of his government on a single issue. Members of other delegations reported him as inclined to favor a more positive stand against Franco in the General Assembly. It was at this critical moment that the United States began to use its influence, especially in the Latin American bloc.

The effect of this initiative became apparent almost immediately. In a statement published on November 15 Dr. Alberto Arca Parro, the Peruvian delegate, said that the Latin American nations were "watching closely" the attitude of the United States, which "does not favor the rupture of relations or any other violent action against Franco Spain." Perhaps half of the Latin American delegates, who at the opening of the Assembly had agreed in talks among themselves to take a strong anti-Franco position, have been retreating inch by inch. Privately they say quite frankly, "The whole thing depends on the United States. If you can change the mind of the American delegation, the fight can still be won."

Well, I am not in a position to convert the American delegation, but I can at least give our readers an idea where it stands at this moment. I had a long personal talk the other day with a man who is very close to the delegation and who made no bones about the fact that the United States intends to do its best to stall any effective action on Spain. He began by repeating the old argument that it is not the business of the United Nations to interfere in the "internal affairs" of any country; were that its function, he said, one might well ask it to put an end to the dictatorial Tito regime. Here he was obviously echoing the recent extraordinary outburst of Sumner Welles, who in linking Yugoslavia and Spain conveniently ignored the rather obvious distinction between a government put in power by the Axis and one which came to power by defeating the Axis.

But presently my informant brought up the point being stressed by the American delegation in all its discussions of the Spanish issue: any drastic change in Spain inevitably means civil war. If the State Department really believes this theory, the American intelligence services must be singularly inefficient. Civil war is "inevitable" only if the dictatorship believes it has the solid backing of the United States. Recently Franco's prestige and power have been severely undermined. Cabling from Madrid on November 11, Paul B. Kennedy of the New York *Times* reported, "Generalissimo Francisco Franco has lost, if only temporarily, his iron grip on the Spanish state." He attributes the change to "an economic situation which seems approaching the chaotic." In other words, even with increasing Anglo-American aid, diplomatic and material, Franco has been unable to solve Spain's economic crisis. If all foreign resources were withdrawn, where would he find the means with which to fight a civil war? Everyone admits that fully 90 per cent of the people oppose his rule. He has lost an important section of his banker support. His generals? The day they believe the United Nations is ready to act on Spain, a large proportion of them will try, as they did after San Francisco, to get in touch with Republican leaders with a view to cooperating in the overthrow of Franco and so saving their own skins. As for the Falange, it is disintegrating in its own corruption and no longer can put up a real battle.

No, the United States government cannot use the argument of civil war as an excuse for putting the brakes on the anti-Franco forces within the United Nations. Nor can it justify the even more pharisaical proposal of Dr. Guillermo Belt, chief Cuban delegate, that a plebiscite "under the scrutiny of the press of the world" shall determine the form of government to be set up in Spain. This seems to be the compromise formula which the American delegation will probably back, using Dr. Belt as its spokesman. Perhaps the example of Greece has encouraged the royalist wing of the State Department to hope for a similar outcome in Spain. I can assure them that no pressure or back-stairs bargain will induce the people of Spain to accept a plebiscite taken with Franco in power.

DEL VAYO

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The American Political Scene

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

II. The Bankruptcy of Parties

London, November 1

IT IS many years since the difference between American political parties lay so obviously in the field of doctrine that it was possible for the observer to be sure of the distinction of the principles for which each stood. No doubt it is pretty accurate to say that the main emphasis of the Republican Party is profoundly conservative, and that the chief figures who determine its policy are also the chief representatives of corporate wealth. No doubt, also, it is a fair statement that the Republicans, generally, are hostile to government regulation of American economic life, and remain convinced that the smaller the part it plays in interfering with the free economy of the market the better for the American people. I am confident also that if the Republicans could have had their way, the Wagner act and the Securities and Exchange Act would not have been on the statute book. Nor is it likely that experiments like the TVA or those—some of them of remarkable quality—undertaken by the WPA and the PWA would have been attempted on anything like the scale upon which Franklin Roosevelt insisted.

But no serious observer is entitled to infer from the conservative character of the Republican Party that the Democratic Party is a liberal alternative. The core of the Democratic Party remains the solid South; and the evidence is overwhelming that, with rare exceptions, the South is at least as conservative as most parts of the Republican Party. It may throw up an occasional liberal like Senator Hill of Alabama, or Senator Pepper of Florida, but in general no serious assessment of its character could honestly suggest an anxiety, in the effective political South, to prove its enthusiasm for the New Deal. Mr. Roosevelt was able to retain the allegiance of the great cities—New York, Chicago, Boston. But I do not think it is excessive to say that the Democratic machine in each of these gave him a support that was personal in character, and that he obtained the support he had in return for the use of his patronage and his decision to turn a blind eye to the habits of men like Mayor Hague of Jersey City, whose way of life corresponds much more to that of a Nazi *Gauleiter* than to anything one could legitimately expect from a supporter of the New Deal.

The fact simply is that Americans, when they were liberal, supported the Democratic Party because of the special character Mr. Roosevelt gave to it. So did organizations like the Political Action Committee. He made the choice between parties temporarily real because he made the Democrats accept, as the price of their victory, a policy in large degree alien from the inner drive of the party machine. Now that he is dead, it becomes rapidly ever more obvious not only that his successor cannot compel the continued payment of that price but, even more, that he is not very seriously anxious to do so. It is also pretty obvious that in so far as Mr. Wallace seeks to be the residuary legatee of the Roosevelt heritage, he represents at best an influential minority in the party who could not hope to nominate him as their candidate in 1948 even if Mr. Truman decided not to run again. It is difficult to see on the Democratic horizon any real quest for something different from the "available" candidate who can be regarded as not seriously distinguished either in personality or in principles from his opponent on the Republican side.

HOMELESS LIBERALS

Most American liberals are convinced, intelligibly enough, that their votes would be thrown away if they were cast for a Socialist candidate, still more for a candidate from the Communist Party. Neither of these organizations could today muster a quarter of a million votes; and if a progressive candidate is to have a chance of victory, it is useless to look to either camp of the extreme left. The liberals rule out also any serious possibility of a third party. The time, they think, is too short for its effective organization to be possible, and an attempt in the absence of that effectiveness would almost certainly simply assure a Republican victory. Since that would mean the presence of Mr. Dewey, or Governor Bricker, or Senator Taft in the White House, or of some compromise candidate with no greater appeal to the liberals than any of these, American progressive opinion is firmly convinced that the best it can do is to bring all the pressure to bear it can in support of liberal influences in the Democratic Party.

On any showing, that is an immense task. Liberal influence has proved insufficient, under President Truman, to retain any of the major liberals in the Administration in Washington. It has not been able to safeguard American labor from having to assume a defensive

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position against the business interests which so patently feel that, after long years of waiting, their hour is at length at hand. It has not been sufficient to impose a liberal foreign policy upon Mr. Truman and Mr. Byrnes; perhaps in no realm is the influence of Franklin Roosevelt so grimly absent. The liberals are adversely affected by the continued rift in the labor movement. Their influence with the bosses of the city machines has declined enormously since they ceased to be able to look for support to the man in the White House. Their occasional victories, as in the defeat of Senator Burton Wheeler in the Montana primary, are offset by the victories of men like Bilbo and Talmadge. They are no longer on the inside of the forces they seek to move in their direction. They lack a coherent and unified striking power. Despite the deep interest in the ideas and fortunes of Henry Wallace, they lack, I think, a person round whom they can build the kind of dynamic appeal which, in 1940, swept Wendell Willkie into the Republican nomination. Given the actual play of forces in America today, I think the most the liberals can hope for is to act as a brake on the drift to conservatism that is now the major trend in every aspect of American policy.

It is worth noting that on the three occasions since 1919 when liberals in America have had a chance to vote for a man of their own outlook they have been able to elect him only once; and on that occasion the conservative candidate defeated himself. As a third-party nominee in 1924 the elder La Follette fought a brave campaign in which there was never a chance of his success. In 1928 liberals had an admirable candidate in Alfred E. Smith, but neither his record at Albany nor his liberal views were sufficient to conquer the combined hostility of snobbery and deep-rooted religious fears. They won a great victory in 1932, but it is only fair to admit that any reasonable Democratic nominee would have won in 1932. The later victories of Franklin Roosevelt were in a profound sense liberal victories; they brought out the progressivism of the plain people in America even more remarkably than the revolt of 1912 which sent that very moderate liberal, Woodrow Wilson, to the White House. But it is difficult for the outsider not to feel that one of those periods has been reached in American history in which the unattached voter, fatigued by a long experience of crisis-leadership, is now once more anxious for a quiet time. Because both major party machines in America are concerned only with organizing victory and not with the promotion of ideas through victory, they respond with eagerness to the demand for a quiet time. That means that they will choose candidates who are the best safeguards they can find against the danger of an exciting Presidency. Only evidence, in the next two years, of an electorate made angry as it was made angry by the great depression would persuade either of the parties to risk a liberal candidate.

In my view, therefore, it is important for American liberals to realize that political parties in the United States are not organizations to promote ideas but loose federations of machines for getting enough votes to enable the parties to lay their hands on the spoils. Ideas are of value to them only in the proportion that they are likely to increase the votes that can be obtained. A liberal group, on this showing, interests the machines to the degree that they believe it has the power to attract to their side voters who, otherwise, might be indifferent or hostile. They give it attention as they give attention to any other pressure group—the utilities, the N. A. M., the Roman Catholic church, or the P. A. C. And this means that in neither party has the American liberal any permanent spiritual home. He is welcome there just in the degree that he is judged to have importance for the specific occasion on which he demands influence.

THE MACHINES FEAR IDEAS

It follows from what I have said that there is little direct relation between the social forces at play in the United States and the political institutions through which they must express themselves. The absence of this direct relation weakens at every turn the power of ideas in American political life. The major parties are afraid of ideas. They prevent the smooth functioning of the machines. They make the hold of the machines upon the voters both difficult and uncertain. They disturb the relation between the machines and the interests. They bring into the political field—they even bring into high office—citizens who under the rule of "normalcy" would not dream of activity in Washington. They make politics interesting, and the more interesting politics are the less strong is the power of the machine over the electoral mind. Wendell Willkie could never have seized the Republican nomination at a time when great issues were not at stake. Thus it is the purpose of the machines to prevent, if they can, the emergence of great issues and to obscure them if they emerge. The American liberal, therefore, has all the power of the major parties arrayed against him. His objective is to obtain exactly what they seek to deny. He is urging that political action be made proportionate to social need. But when he does this he is inviting a politics of policy as a substitute for the historic politics of maneuver, which keeps the markets contented, the politicians regular, and the voters confined within the channels that the party bosses have found by experience to be manageable. American liberals are thus permanent rebels against the routines of action that it is the function of parties to impose.

I am arguing that the American liberal is anxious for what Bagehot called "thinking government," and that the whole ethos of the American party system is to safeguard the existing interests in the United States against the dangerous possibilities of thought. Republicans and

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Democrats alike want a President with whom they feel safe. To them, a liberal President, a liberal Congress also, are of the nature of intruders. They are welcome only in a crisis, when the parties have somehow to compromise with ideas and to accept unwonted innovation. They are always unwelcome if the parties feel any confidence that they can control the electorate within the framework of a traditional routine in which the results cause a minimum of social disturbance. The vital fact is that American parties are the brokers of votes and not the brokers of ideas. It is only in a storm that they turn to the pilot who is prepared to take the ship of state to port by an uncharted route.

Both major parties at the present time are lulled into a mistaken expectation of a quiet epoch in the next years partly by the self-confidence which comes from the general realization of American power, and partly because they believe America is fatigued with the immense effort of the last fourteen years and would welcome relief from the burden of thought. The one thing that alarms them is the prospect of a President who might compel them again to large-scale innovation. It is only necessary to remember their unease with Mr. Roosevelt after 1934, their deep unhappiness with him after 1936, to realize that he was forced upon them by the electorate as a leader whom they accepted with regret. They never ceased to feel the discomfort of the voyage and the risks to which their pilot exposed them.

"NO SHORT CUT TO POWER"

I do not believe that it will be a quiet epoch in the next years in the United States. Forces have been unleashed in the world which will everywhere compel fundamental reorientations of policy. It is quite unthinkable that the United States should be unaffected by their influence for the simple and central reason that the New Deal was the incomplete expression of their American operation. And since the two major parties will resist the effort to resume the New Deal at the point where President Roosevelt was compelled to slow down its development, I do not think the liberals will be able to influence their policy until crisis once more makes it evident that this is disproportionate to the situation. No doubt liberals will try hard, until 1948, to use the Democratic Party, in the belief that it can be forced to accept the obligation to resume the Roosevelt tradition. I am confident that they will fail. More, I am confident that they will learn from this failure what the British Labor Party learned between 1900 and 1918—that when the basic objectives of the two parties between which an electorate must choose are the same, the electorate has no real choice. Thus deprived of the power to choose, it cannot secure either the men or the measures which its situation requires. It is then driven to a realignment of parties so that the institutions of representative democracy may work with genuine effectiveness. To postpone unduly the making of that realignment is to risk disaster of a very serious kind.

Anyone who looks at America today must see, I think, that the present party system cannot adequately cope with the three major problems of the United States. It cannot effectively integrate the United States into the new world organization. It cannot solve the problem of the disparate hold on well-being of the South compared to the North and East. It cannot obtain for labor its proper status in the national economy. Even if it be said that each of these is, in a full way, a long-term problem, each of them also is one in which it is urgent that a real beginning should be made. How remote the existing parties are from any grasp of the first issues was well illustrated by the American government's decision to oppose Sir John Orr's great scheme for an international food board, and its sudden abandonment of its important part in the vital system created in the war for the state purchase of food supplies; these, with the abandonment of price control, are a major blow to international economic recovery. The general anxiety of both Republicans and Democrats to get back to an uncontrolled market economy makes it more difficult than ever seriously to plan for large-scale improvement of conditions in the South and the West. It needs no prophet to foresee that, despite the era of strikes through which America is now passing, the labor movement, realistically regarded, is likely to be on the defensive until the next depression breaks down that simple-minded faith in the economic American way which even Philip Murray has been persuaded to profess.

I do not believe, therefore, that American liberals can use the present party system to implement their principles in any profound or continuous way. It is geared to other purposes. It is lacking in that relation to ideas which is of primary importance for any organization which does not want to live from hand to mouth. The collapse of liberal effectiveness in the Democratic Party in the brief interval since President Roosevelt died ought to convince the left that there is no short cut to power. To believe that the Democratic machine can be recaptured for a continued New Deal is to believe in miracles, and belief in miracles is political escapism of the worst kind. Those, therefore, who want a political party which can give to the United States the opportunity of showing its readiness, both domestically and internationally, for great experiments have got to build one on a new foundation. They have got to make organized labor the core of a progressive alliance round which can gather all who have realized the danger of a retreat from the plane to which Mr. Roosevelt had raised the issues he had to meet. If they rely upon makeshifts which are now showing their deep unreliability, the next crisis may find them unprepared for what may be the most momentous internal struggle since the Civil War.

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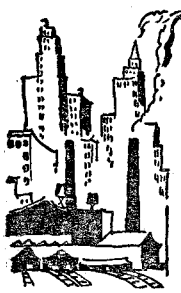

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Still Around the Corner

THE Stock Exchange celebrated the Republican victory by falling flat on its back; not for two months had prices been marked down so drastically in a single session. It seemed an unkind way of greeting old friends, and Wall Streeters with red faces hastened to explain that the election results had been discounted in advance and that, as so often happens, confirmation of "good news" encouraged profit-taking. Moreover, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, "brokers believed that a Republican Congress was apt to have deflationary economic ideas. While this was regarded as constructive eventually, it might have temporary market reverberations." In other words, the advent of the Republicans to power will not ameliorate the recession or depression of 1947 which Wall Streeters regard as definitely foreshadowed by the bearish behavior of stock prices in the past few months. It may even make it worse, and this possibility leaves the financial community torn between its traditional loyalty to the G. O. P. and its natural dislike of having to go through the wringer.

Warning investors against impatience, a bulletin issued by the brokerage house of Buckley Brothers points out that "we are in for a period of change, and that takes time." It goes on to give a summary of the probable effects of the incoming Republican tide: "An end of the President's war-time powers; a return to conservative fiscal policies, ultimately a balanced budget, reduced income taxes, and the elimination of excise levies; little change in tariffs, farm legislation, and foreign policy; a return to state and local governments of housing, health, and social problems; a minimum of business regulatory legislation; and a revision of labor laws on an equitable basis for management and labor." This is a program for a period of "normalcy"; it seems to have little relevance to the problems facing us today.

The subject about which the triumphant Republicans are talking most freely is the fiscal question. They are promising us both lower taxes and a balanced budget, though there seems to be some difference among them as to which of these desirable objectives should have priority. Representatives Martin and Knutson, both powerful voices in the new House, think that Congress should proceed to cut taxes immediately it convenes and then go on to trim the budget as much as possible. Senator Taft more cautiously advocates balancing the budget first, suggesting that expenditures can be cut from $41½ billion to $25 or $30 billion.

Republican propaganda has spread the idea that huge amounts of the taxpayers' money can be saved by sacking unnecessary "hordes of bureaucrats" and ending lavish spending in Washington. Actually, a large proportion of government expenditure is of contractual nature and cannot easily be reduced. Debt interest, for instance, absorbs $5 billion annually, and it will not fall much below this figure for many years, even though a program of debt reduction is undertaken. The Republicans cannot reduce it and may even increase it, for their financial backers are clamoring for a change in the Treasury's cheap-money policy. Another inflexible item is veterans' benefits, which, with 1948 in the offing, the Republicans will not squeeze below the present total of $6 billion. Nor can they economize on social-security benefits—$1.2 billion for 1946-47—which are likely to rise rather than fall next year, particularly if the anticipated recession comes along.

In an outline of a $25-billion budget which he gave at a press conference on November 7, Senator Taft conceded the figures given above for interest and veterans and apparently forgot social security. He allowed $2 billion for "general government expenses"—the judiciary, the departments, Congress, and so on—which is approximately the amount provided in the current budget as revised last August. His big economies would be at the expense of the army and navy, for which he proposed $8 billion compared with $18.5 billion in the current year. That left a balance of $4 billion for tax refunds, foreign loans, and "such aid as we may give to agriculture." This last item accounts for $1.2 billion in the current budget. It could be reduced if commodity prices are maintained, but should they slump—and there are signs they are already slipping—the government's statutory undertaking to support farm prices at 90 per cent of parity for two years after the end of hostilities must involve a heavy liability for the Treasury. Will the Republican Party, with its big contingents from the farm belt, repudiate this undertaking?

The fact is that Senator Taft's budgetary program depends on the extent to which he and his colleagues succeed in imposing their slimming diet on the armed forces. Of course, the present bill for the army and navy is swollen by non-recurrent items such as terminal-leave pay, and under any circumstances will be smaller next year. But the service chiefs appear to be thinking in terms of a permanent outlay of $14 to $15 billion, and while they might take somewhat less, a slash to $8 billion could only be made over a pile of brass-bound corpses. It cannot be denied that they would have a lot of logic on their side. Certainly the Republicans are contradictory when they talk of maintaining present foreign policies unchanged and make drastic cuts in service expenditures. For American foreign policy today rests on the assumption that the only language Russia understands is that of "the big stick," and unless some way of improving relations with the Soviets can be found, Republican hopes of combining a balanced budget with drastic tax reductions are likely to go a-glimmering.

This is not to say that the budget cannot be balanced at all. It should, in fact, be possible to bring federal expenses sufficiently below revenue receipts to permit abolition of most of the excise taxes and moderate relief to income-tax payers. But despite the Republican majority, the tax burden is destined to remain much heavier than in pre-war years, and, in particular, it is unlikely that corporation levies will be appreciably reduced. A dim realization of this fact, perhaps, kept Wall Street from singing "Happy Days Are Here Again" on November 6. The kind of prosperity of which its denizens dream is still around the corner.

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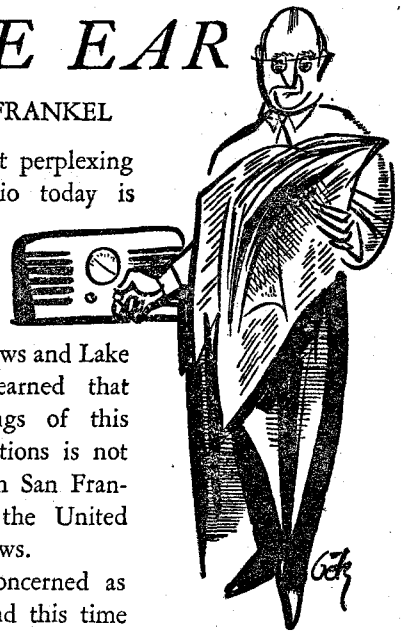
IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL



PERHAPS the most perplexing question for radio today is what to do about the U. N. For since the U. N. came, first, to Hunter College and then to Flushing Meadows and Lake Success, radio has learned that broadcasting the doings of this modern League of Nations is not the cinch it was out in San Francisco when anything the United Nations did was big news.

The U. N. is as concerned as radio, for if radio—and this time networks and local stations are in the hopper together—could only learn how to handle the peace as well as it did the war, the future of the U. N. would look up. The industry and the international body agree that there is not enough broadcast time, not enough penetrating comment, not enough listening, but they differ about how the blame should be apportioned.

To radio the U. N. is an audience killer. It offers nothing but talk, and windy talk, with boring translations to boot—especially now that the General Assembly has been broken down into its committees and is deliberating at Lake Success. Radio is therefore limiting its coverage to short takes interpolated in regular news broadcasts. Once the Assembly reconvenes as a unit at Flushing Meadows, radio will return its microphones to the rostrum and carry as many of the important speeches as its ability to forecast their content permits.

Radio is not satisfied with the situation and intends to do something about it—just how soon depends on listener reaction. Right now the amount of complaint from the radio audience is not enough to spur the broadcasters into haste but enough to keep them unhappy.

To the U. N. the problem is one of getting its story to the American public. They provided broadcast facilities—and saw them utilized—at San Francisco, Hunter College, and Flushing Meadows, but Lake Success is something else again. Here the radio booths overlooking the committee rooms and the chambers of the Security Council and the Economic and Social Council have not been utilized to the full.

When I went out there last week, WNYC, the city-owned New York outlet, was carrying a play-by-play account; WMCA, the New York independent, was recording and re-creating its evening half-hour program whenever it felt developments warranted; and Mutual had equipment on hand for airing innocuous words at the end of its daily musical tribute to the U. N. Aside from that, NBC had John McVane, an experienced news hand, covering the committee meetings and feeding takes to regular newscasts; Mutual had a man on the spot; CBS had two men assigned whom I did not see; and ABC had no one around.

In the view of the U. N. the broadcasters are sidestepping responsibility by applying news standards to U. N. doings and ignoring the wealth of background, informative, and human-interest material that is available. "If only radio would face up to its obligation," wailed spokesmen of the international organization, "put its imagination to work, and do a broadcasting job comparable to what it did in the war."

To this radio answers: "We would like to cover the U. N. as we did the war, but the broad basic appeal is not there; it has to be cultivated, and we haven't the staff, the funds, or the time to do that." Some radio men apologize for the situation as follows: "Every newspaper in the country gives a considerable amount of space to the U. N. If we insist on using news-coverage standards, then we should match the staffs and time devoted to U. N. by the press. This we are not doing, and we must face it. So long as network radio does not want—and you can't blame them—to sign a blank check for the staff required to provide the coverage needed, and so long as network radio refuses—as do NBC and CBS—to use the recorded re-creation technique pioneered by WMCA, then radio's field clearly consists in explaining and interpreting the U. N.'s daily accomplishments."

On Tuesday, November 26, NBC will start a weekly series about the U. N. along these lines. Each program will dramatize one activity of the organization, with the final five minutes given to Andrew Cordier, executive assistant to Trygve Lie, for an interpretation of the week's events.

This week, also, Norman Corwin and high program executives of CBS are lunching with U. N. officials to discuss a way out of the impasse. Corwin will only suggest and advise, not produce or write. Nevertheless, his influence will be felt.

Meanwhile the U. N.'s plans for domestic short-wave broadcasts, similar to the service it now offers the rest of the world, have been blocked by the Federal Communications Commission. For economic reasons the FCC cannot permit the U. N. to operate a domestic short-wave transmitter without permitting Press Wireless to do likewise; that in turn would raise hob with American Telephone and Telegraph, which now provides point-to-point communications by wire. But the FCC is actuated by political considerations as well. The Soviet Union is now using short-wave frequencies for point-to-point communication within the U. S. S. R. Unfortunately radio waves do not stop at political borders, and these Soviet domestic broadcasts are the subject of an international conference now meeting in Moscow. To approve U. N. short-wave broadcasts in the United States would cut the props from our protests in Moscow. However, the United Nations has an office in Geneva, Switzerland, and it is not inconceivable that a short-wave transmitter will be erected in Geneva to receive the U. N.'s current short-wave programs and re-beam them to the United States for use by domestic radio stations. This will take a bit of doing, for a wave length will first have to be obtained.

WORTH HEARING

INFORMATION PLEASE (CBS, Wednesdays). Still the adult quiz show of radio. And commercials that do not grate.

WORLD SECURITY WORKSHOP (ABC, Thursdays). Your chance to be a critic. What do *you* think of this new series?

TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, Mondays). Week in and out this is one of the finest musical programs in radio.

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN (MBS, Sundays). If you don't care for Winchell on Sunday nights try this. Dramatizations of scientific and engineering developments.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Guns and Butter

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY. By Donald M. Nelson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

WITH twelve million of their huskiest workers in the armed forces, the people of America came close to doubling the national production in four years. By what means did they do it? What knowledge did they gain of the processes of industry? What was the full story of this incredible achievement? If any human being can tell us, it should be Donald Nelson.

In 1940 the value of goods and services produced in the United States was about $100 billion; in 1944, $200 billion. In the teeth of all the experts, who said we must choose, we produced *both* guns and "butter" ("butter" in a highly symbolic sense). Output of civilian goods changed its character somewhat, but the total did not fall, while output of war goods was almost as much again.

This miracle was due to many causes. Citizens worked longer hours; some millions of women, youngsters, and oldsters came out of the home, the school, and the Florida sunshine to go into war plants. Patriotism made many of us work harder and better; our work was directed to a goal, instead of being just work. In 1940 there had been nearly ten million unemployed, generally regarded by our best people as bums and loafers. They formed a great pool of man-power for shipyards, aircraft factories, and atom-bomb plants, as well as the armed services. How these men fought and worked! At last their country needed them!

But perhaps the most important reason of all was the lucid brain work which organized the men, the materials, the plants, the power grids, the transport system, into one great industrial team. We won both wars, East and West, as Hanson Baldwin is never weary of pointing out, not by our superlative generalship, courage, or cunning, but by literally overwhelming our enemies with shot and shell, a rain of steel and lead more dreadful than anything hitherto known. Where they sprinkled it on us, we let loose a continuous cloudburst on them. American mass-production destroyed them in the end. Without a miracle of planning, however, the result could not have been achieved. Furthermore, it was planning without, in most cases, ownership or operation of the plant—something logically impossible to the ideologists on the right and on the left.

The War Production Board was the central planning agency, and Donald Nelson was its head during the critical years. His book is a clearly written and invaluable record for all time. When a tycoon or a banker says to you, "We can't do this," or "We can't afford that," hand him a copy of "Arsenal of Democracy" to help him raise his sights. This country can do anything it wants to do, materially and financially. The only question is, do we really want to do it?

Can we seek any peaceful end with an equal determination and unity? The war exploded all the old limitations of economists, bankers, and business men which had so crippled us in the 1930's. Now the boys are trying to force industry back into their artificial strait-jackets, but I doubt that they will succeed.

Like a modern Cincinnatus, Donald Nelson dropped his hand from the telephone set at Sears Roebuck to rush to Washington and lead his country's industrial armies. It was a job to kill most men in a month, not only because of the size of the undertaking, but because of the so-called "Battle of Washington." You would not believe the fights they got into, egged on by the press, which believes that nothing is news unless there is a fight in it. (This journalistic first principle may some day cost us our democracy.)

Donald Nelson tells us how he smoked his pipe and calmed the battlers down. The secret of his success is fairly plain. First, he likes people and trusts them. Second, he seems to have the kind of mind which looks all around a given problem and gets the major characteristics in before coming to a decision.

He liked nearly everybody—his staff, Congress, the President, the dollar-a-year men, the bureaucrats, labor leaders, farmers, the navy, scientists, the British, the Russians, Mr. Stalin, even Charlie Wilson of General Electric. But one important exception runs through the book. He did *not* like the heavy brass in the War Department. He felt that these gentlemen did not understand mass-production, did not know what could be done and what could not, and took considerable satisfaction in depriving civilians unnecessarily of goods. Mr. Nelson describes his running engagement, and gives them this parting shot—a bull's-eye, if you ask me:

> It seems to me that this experience provides the final, clinching reason why control over the nation's economy must be kept in the hands of civilians at all times . . . our whole economic and social system will be in peril if it is controlled by the military men.

STUART CHASE

The Children of Light

THE STORY OF THE FAITH. By William Alva Gifford. The Macmillan Company. $5.

IT IS manifest that scientific realism will not save the world. The viper is as real as the dove, and it is a truth that the wolf devours the lamb. These are noxious truths, which must not be allowed to prevail; they have to be conquered by higher truths. Such a hierarchy of values is the core of religion, and such a religion, not business, politics, or science, has alone the power to heal and guide us. A book like William Alva Gifford's "The Story of the Faith" is more than mere information; it is a challenge, to the dogmatic and the undogmatic alike. For unless our faith is revived, darkness threatens us all. And it cannot be revived unless it be purified.

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The first 174 pages, in this volume of 622, seem to me wholly admirable. They sum up the story of the faith from earliest Judaic times to the Council of Nicaea. The faith was fully formed by 325; indeed, it was arrested. All further developments were explanations or regressions. In 325, as Gifford puts it, "Christians, who had so recently won the right to live, lost the right to think." By that time also the church had "come to terms with the world." The next 400 pages are the history of the churches, and since the churches are of this world, the history of medieval and modern Europe. This was perhaps inevitable; it certainly is to be regretted. We have little use for another elementary textbook of war and diplomacy. Why give a compressed and distorted account of Napoleon's career? Twisted facts abound, and, even worse, stale interpretations. In the fight against Austria "Piedmont found support in the little kingdom of Sardinia," and Cavour is apparently a "Sardinian," not a "Piedmontese." "To the Arabs, Allah's gift of Palestine has been confirmed by 1,200 years of *unbroken* occupancy." Well, the first Crusade was at least a strange interlude. "Spain is romantic, devoted to the past, submissive to authority." (Amen! says romantic Franco.) But Germany, France, England were romantic also. There is a revolutionary as well as a reactionary aspect to romanticism. Shelley and the third Lamennais were no less romantic than De Maistre or the first Lamennais. "The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the Western world, are the Protestant era." This ignores the tremendous prestige of Catholic France at that very period. "[In Babylon] the exiles were as insignificant numerically and socially as the Jews of modern New York." The insignificance of the New York Jews is perhaps the most startling discovery in the book.

A young lady read Renan's "Life of Jesus," breathlessly, "to see how it would end." I had the same feeling with this volume. It started with a magnificent promise: in the last chapter, The Valley of Decision, would the author bring us a definite message? Alas! The answer is equivocal. Gifford destroys the faith of the fundamentalists—who, by the way, are not all millennialists. But he has no substitute, except Rousseau's Confession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, made a little more respectable with a touch of Kantism. He spurns theology and ecclesiasticism; yet he concludes that the churches are indispensable. Then let us seek our guidance in the churches, not in undogmatic religion.

The true lesson of the book is contained in a quotation from Marcus Aurelius: "Never value anything as profitable to thyself which compels thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything that needs walls and curtains." It is the highest merit of this well-meaning and hesitant book that in many of its pages it is not unworthy of such an ideal.

ALBERT GUERARD

A chronicle of three generations in the life of an English family, *The Memorial* has brilliance and human warmth.

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Versailles

THE CARTHAGINIAN PEACE, OR THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF MR. KEYNES. By Etienne Mantoux. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

THIS book was completed in the summer of 1944, the year one Before the Atomic Bomb. Its author was killed on active duty in Austria in April, 1945, at the age of thirty-two. Lord Keynes, whose treatise on "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" is the subject of Mantoux's critique, died in the spring of 1946. Because of these facts Mantoux's book assumed more of a historical than a contemporary interest even before its date of publication. Nevertheless, it is important. It is an intelligent, factual, and illuminating appraisal of the Treaty of Versailles, and of Keynes's attack upon it, in the light of subsequent events.

As between Clemenceau and Keynes, Mantoux preferred Clemenceau, and he wrote this book in the hope that in the peace treaty after Hitler's war the ideas of Keynes, so influential after the Kaiser's war, would not prevail. They haven't. Were Mantoux still living, and were he now to inspect the severed carcass of the German Reich, he would find little to justify his earlier fears, though he might well find grounds for new ones.

Mantoux believed that it would have been impossible for the Allies to make a peace so generous and just as to win the acceptance of the Germans. For them defeat was bitter; they were enraged by the frustration of their ambitions. It was the task of the peacemakers, first, to make the Germans pay for the damage they had done, and, second, to curb their power so that they could not try again to conquer Europe. These two objectives might have been accomplished by the Treaty of Versailles—had it not been for Keynes and the widespread acceptance of his views.

Mantoux examines these views in detail. He shows that many of Keynes's prophecies were mistaken; that the treaty

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did not, as Keynes maintained, "reduce Germany to servitude"; and that the Allied bill for reparations, enormous as it was, could have been paid. It must be said that Mantoux's arguments and statistics are persuasive, supported as they are by the gigantic fact that Germany recovered sufficiently within a generation to start another war.

But was Keynes wrong in his main thesis, and Clemenceau right in his? The answer, perhaps, is that if we assume a world of sovereign states, each looking to its own strength and pursuing its own interests, then men like Clemenceau, or Cato, are the safest men to follow—if they are on your side. (A Carthaginian peace—not the first but the second one—would be easy to carry out with the aid of the atomic bomb.) But if we assume that the future of mankind is not a hopeless one, and that it may still be possible to organize the world for peace, then we need more men with the intelligence, good-will, and wit of John Maynard Keynes.

The human race may survive the errors of its idealists but not the realism of its cynics. G. R. WALKER

Retrospect and Reality

SELECTED POEMS. By Raymond Holden. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

NOTHING IS A WONDERFUL THING. By Helen Wolfert. Simon and Schuster. $2.

IT IS not an altogether satisfying experience to look through the wrong end of the telescope at Mr. Holden's thirty years of versifying. Anything in retrospect is ultimately saddening or ironical or both. In the case of Raymond Holden the ironic note has seldom been absent—except, perhaps, when he was writing his "Early Poems 1917-1927." Here he showed a lyricism that was charming because it was fresh and he was awake to the landscape around him. He committed a grave folly when he forsook these green pastures for the philosophical waste lands he wandered into later. The sonnets and poems which followed were more often fastidious than inspired. Resigned instead of challenging, solemn rather than profound, his verse has practically dried up. The progress Mr. Holden has made in technical skill by pruning, snipping, and balancing each word and line has finally resulted in his paring his art down to a flexible handicraft.

Mrs. Wolfert could benefit by a few elementary lessons in technique from Mr. Holden, but her narrative poem about New York's East Side has a driving power that makes his book look pale and sickly. Only someone very close to this unending struggle with squalor and a hostile environment could write with such uncompromising realism about these people. She knows almost instinctively the peculiarly rich idiom of the Jewish neighborhood speech. Yet it might have been a greater artistic achievement for Mrs. Wolfert had she not strayed so far from the conventional verse pattern. Probably she expects the sheer force of her ideas to move readers who do not usually read poetry; but those who do read poetry are certain to deplore Mrs. Wolfert's flashy tricks, her double-barreled words and similes, and her clumsy efforts at alliteration and assonance: "Beneath her flanks the planks creak." RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

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FICTION IN REVIEW

FOR some years now John P. Marquand has occupied a very special place among our novelists. Practically single-handed he has held the line immediately behind a possible first rank of current fiction. Without himself ever transcending the high-grade-commodity level, he has done a great deal to raise our standards of what a literary commodity can be. Without ever urging us to think that his novels are themselves "important," he has done more than any writer of our time to close the dangerous gap between important fiction and popular fiction. But now, with his new novel, "B. F.'s Daughter" (Little, Brown, $2.75), for the first time one has an awareness of Mr. Marquand's own sharp sense of the divisions among the social-intellectual classes, and of himself as a spokesman for the embattled majority. There is a new note of defensiveness, not only in Mr. Marquand's satire of the long-hairs, but also in the main argument of his story. "B. F.'s Daughter" is a study of what constitutes adjustment for a typical modern woman: one may be perfectly willing to accept the traditional sexual values for which the book pleads and still be disconcerted by the shoddy terms in which these established values are cast and the identification Mr. Marquand makes between domestic traditionalism and traditionalism in all departments of thought. One can scarcely believe that Mr. Marquand means to imply what his book so plainly does imply—that thinking in any direction to the left of dead center is aberrant, unreliable, or immature; of such a thoroughgoing conservatism one feels that its advocate has really let himself be pushed too far by the minority forces. As a matter of fact, even the technical telling of Mr. Marquand's story betrays an uncertainty about his own position. The novel skips around in time in a fashion that is both confusing and useless. And there are pages and pages of empty "bright" talk which are disturbingly reminiscent of that other uneasy champion of unhappy millionaires, Philip Barry.

Although Polly Fulton, the heroine of "B. F.'s Daughter," is the daughter of a very rich industrialist, she has many of the traits of the contemporary ideal of young womanhood. And very pleasant traits they are too. She is intelligent, spirited, humorous, warm-hearted, independent, generous, competent, and loyal. But Polly is also, like so many nice modern girls, utterly confused as to what to do with her life. In natural revolt against her upbringing, she marries, not the steady sensible Bob Tasmin of her father's choice, but Tom Brett, an erratic intellectual and New Dealer who she supposes will introduce her to a whole new field for her energies and make her feel useful. It turns out, however, that she has little outlet for her energies except in dominating her husband. When, with the outbreak of the war, Tom comes into his own on the Washington front, Polly is left high and dry; as to the busy, successful Tom, he finds his docile secretary much more comforting than a spirited wife. And even Bob, whom Polly meets again, refuses to give up his well-ordered if unexciting marriage for the sake of love for a former sweetheart. At the end of Mr. Marquand's novel Polly is a very sad girl, but she is at least wiser to the extent of having learned that a woman's only happiness lies in the traditional sphere—in a home and children and acceptance of the way of life set down for her by a strong-willed man.

Because Mr. Marquand has such a flair for social observation, the story of Polly Fulton is of course never as dull as this summary might suggest. For instance, the sections of "B. F.'s Daughter" that describe life among the high military are expectably pointed and amusing, and in general the book has a good quota of its author's usual happy reporting of how things and places look and how the social animal behaves. But dull indeed, and dismal too, is Mr. Marquand's projection of the brand of domesticity that will cure Polly's restlessness—all a matter of playing a good game of bridge and golf, of joining one's husband for nice walks in the country with the dogs, of (no doubt) voting Republican if that is what your husband's boss is voting. For there is no question that the twin virtue to traditional domesticity is political conservatism. Working out his sexual theme against the background of a larger social pattern, Mr. Marquand makes it clear that just as submissiveness to a strong man is the desirable female attitude, so the acceptance of a paternalistic rugged individualism and a regard for gentlemanliness are the desirable social attitudes. How could the daughter of a great industrialist be expected to submit to a poseur and a windbag like Tom Brett? But how could a college professor, a writer, a New Dealer be anything but a poseur and windbag? Evidently Mr. Marquand knows which political side the young women of America should be on if they wish to get over their growing pains and come to a healthy, wealthy, and wise maturity.

It is interesting that another recent novel, Elinor Rice's "Mirror, Mirror" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.75), which

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also is about the problem of a modern woman, should also weave its sexual theme together with a political theme. In Miss Rice's novel, however, the heroine's background is not one of wealth and free enterprise but one of poverty and socialist idealism: Mona Biro is the daughter of immigrant worker parents; *her* revolt is to break with the family idealism and herself discover the golden American opportunity. Mona is the very prototype of modern career women and the very essence of female narcissism; she makes a great success of dress-designing. Like Polly Fulton, who carries with her into maturity a father-figure in the person of Bob Tasmin, Miss Rice's heroine carries with her the father-figure of Toby Lang. Toby is a left-wing playwright; even after he marries Mona, he still likes to talk with Mona's old socialist father about things as remote from the fashion world as the Spanish civil war. But neither his radical impulse nor his writing impulse is strong enough to resist the pressure of his wife's large earnings and her willingness to indulge his every luxurious wish even at the cost of his manhood. There is no principled resolution in "Mirror, Mirror," as there is in "B. F.'s Daughter"; there is no definition of the positive values a woman should seek in her life. But there is at least this much accord in the two books —that Miss Rice, like Mr. Marquand, assures us that a woman cannot buy her happiness as so many men can, and that the female domination of a marriage has within it the seeds of its own destruction.

The relation of Mona and Toby in "Mirror, Mirror" is a much more dynamic thing than the relation of Polly and Tom in "B. F.'s Daughter": as fictional characters should, these two central figures in Miss Rice's novel take their story into their own hands instead of merely standing for the various attitudes their author would explore. In fact, the fault so endemic to all the major portions of Mr. Marquand's book, of treating the people as personifications of ideas—I had almost said, as personifications of political parties—is present only in the early sections of Miss Rice's book, where Mona's reality as a little girl is sacrificed to a kind of schematic representation of the budding of a female narcissist. More important, however, than this point of dissimilarity is the difference between Miss Rice's approach to the writers, would-be writers, and other assorted "intellectuals" whom Mona and Toby know and that of Mr. Marquand to Polly Fulton's Village friends. Miss Rice gives us satire, too, but satire born of sympathetic knowledge, not of self-protectiveness.

Victoria Lincoln's three stories, "The Wind at My Back" (Rinehart, $2.50), will disappoint the readers who enjoyed her successful novel, "February Hill." It may also disappoint admirers of Miss Lincoln's sketches in the *New Yorker,* because the new stories have a preciousness and self-consciousness that one has not usually noticed in her short fiction. Although each of the new stories has a young girl or young woman as its featured character, the volume is less representative of contemporary writing *about* women than of contemporary writing *by* women. Too carefully styled, too delicate in its perceptions, too thin in its narrative materials, "The Wind at My Back" is another instance of the exaggerated sensibility that is such a large part of women's current effort in literature.

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN THE past repertory theaters have been a good deal like third parties—everybody talked about them, occasionally they even got started, but in America at least they usually haven't amounted to much. The improbable, however, sometimes happens, and The American Repertory Theater, Inc., looks quite a bit more promising than most such enterprises. Cheryl Crawford, Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Webster, and Walter Hampden are not theatrical innocents. They seem, moreover, to have sound financial backing, and what may be even more important, there are certain signs that the time is ripe.

For reasons which I do not pretend to understand, a large playing public has suddenly decided that all old plays are not necessarily beneath its notice. After at least a quarter of a century during which any man or woman unwilling to be regarded as provincial held firmly to the opinion that everything except the latest hit was merely educational and therefore exclusively for children who get sent rather than for adults who buy their own tickets, Shakespeare, Shaw, and various dramatists in between have been enjoying real runs. No doubt the wonderfully publicized visit of the Old Vic Company helped somewhat by calling attention to the fact that in London self-respecting people admit to an interest in Sophocles or Shakespeare; it seems not impossible that "John Gabriel Borkman" will be witnessed by spectators who, five years ago, would as soon have thought of spending an evening playing a few rubbers of Lotto.

The new company has established itself in the roomy old playhouse on Columbus Circle where the ballet was recently housed. When these words were written it had already offered two productions, and a third will have been put on view by the time I get into print. The two seem sufficient warrant for certain conclusions: the plays will be competently directed, as well as competently acted and decently mounted; but no attempt will be made to confine the choice to those on the short list of first-rank masterpieces. Certainly, at least, neither "Henry VIII" nor "What Every Woman Knows" belongs on such a list, though both are just as certainly worth seeing by anyone with reasonably catholic tastes.

The former, as everyone who ever took a course in the history of the drama has been told before now, was written after Shakespeare had officially renounced the practice of his rough magic and deeper than ere did plummet sound had sunk his book. Much of it—including Cardinal Woolsey's big speech, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," was almost certainly not written by Shakespeare but by that theater-wise hack John Fletcher, and the intention of the whole was to appeal to the already old-fashioned but still eager appetite for historical pageantry. Considered intellectually, the play is a segment from that serialized Child's History of England which had been running for a generation, and there are even certain touches which suggest "1066 and All That." But Miss Webster, the director of the present production, is an old hand at reanimating the effects achieved by dramatists practicing stage tricks no longer in fashion; with the aid of costumes and settings rather more elaborate than is usually expected of repertory companies, she makes the whole a spirited and picturesque peepshow. The form or formlessness of the chronicle history is always a bit trying to the modern spectator, who finds it difficult to relax and to take things as they come instead of unconsciously resenting the failure of the play to satisfy his expectations in the matter of unity and climax, but with a little readjustment he can get a good deal of what early seventeenth-century audiences got. Romantic history is still more picturesque and satisfying than scientific history, and the figure of Henry himself—a comically wilful bad boy who never learned to distinguish between his patriotism and conscience on the one hand and, on the other, his determination to satisfy his simple sensual desires—is still an engaging as well as sinister figure that gives Victor Jory an opportunity to run away with the acting honors in this performance. Miss Le Gallienne and Walter Hampden as Catherine of Aragon and Cardinal Woolsey have harder tasks. Noble, long-suffering queens and ambitious churchmen cast down from high place simply do not fascinate us so much as they did the Elizabethans.

"What Every Woman Knows" seems to me to include some of the best and some of the worst of Barrie. The whole of the first scene, in which the loving brothers of poor ardent Maggie tie up a man for her, is as full of comic invention and sly humor as any modern bit I can think of, but the play as a whole does not quite live up to the extravagant promise of that opening. Every subsequent development is not only expected but presented with unnecessary explicitness, until one begins to wonder why what every woman knows should be told either to her or to anybody else quite so many times over. The character of the Comtesse de la Brière, played with a good deal of animation and charm by Miss Le Gallienne, has no other excuse for existence than that of crossing the *t's* and dotting the *i's* which have been crossed and dotted at least twice before. One begins to wonder, indeed, if the arguments which used to go on between the modernists and the traditionalists over the relative merits of Barrie and Shaw were not really occasioned less by the opposing convictions of the two men than they were by the fact that the one seemed to have more faith than the other in the quickness of his audience. Sentiment and humor are as acceptable to most of the sophisticated as satire and wit. But Sir James, in this play at least, seems to be making the ancient Victorian assumption that in the theater it is necessary not only to say a thing three times but to underscore it at least twice.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THIS year's Pepsi-Cola show at the National Academy, its name changed to "Paintings of the Year," was a great improvement over last year's. But it was of necessity—as any attempt to present contemporary art wholesale must be—a relative failure. There is simply not enough good painting being done in this country to stock a respectable large-scale show out of current production.

The mistake of largeness arises from a more fundamental error, which is that of attempting to be representative, of refusing to be "prejudiced" or to select and back specific tendencies. True, the outright academic work that made such a fiasco of last year's show was excluded, but the catholicity of taste within "modern" painting that governed this year's effort served only to place its

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failure on a somewhat higher level, not to diminish it. It was overlooked that there are tendencies toward decay and retrogression inside "modern" art itself which are little less inimical to high art than the confessedly academic thing.

The show of "Fourteen Americans" (actually fifteen) at the Museum of Modern Art suffers, if to a considerably lesser degree, from the same error. This, I think, causes the unfortunate total impression it leaves—an impression disproportionate, however, to the number of deserving artists included. At least half of them—Gorky, Hare, Roszak, Tobey, MacIver, Price, and even Motherwell—have to be taken seriously, whether for good or bad. I myself hold greater or lesser reservations with respect to each of them and get full satisfaction from rather little of their work, but it remains that they are among the relatively few people upon whom the fate of American art depends at the moment. And the fact that they make up half this show would seem to stamp it unambiguously with a definite and chosen direction—toward the abstract in the line of Matisse-Picasso, or the abstract as the freedom to invent "poetically" in the way of Klee or Giacometti. And yet somehow this is not at all the impression one carries away. The presence of such artists as Sharrer, the ineffable Pickens, Tooker, Culwell, Aronson, even of the abstract painter Rice-Pereira, the sculptor Noguchi, and the gifted draftsman and cartoonist Saul Steinberg—whose drawings are surprisingly strong on their own terms—blunts the point, either because, as in the case of the first four or five, their tendency is ultimately academic or because, as in the case of Rice-Pereira and Noguchi, they adulterate the good tendency by faking it. And the inclusion of Steinberg, good as he is in his limited way, seems almost a last-minute gesture of despair: for even if he were much better he would still be relatively unimportant in terms of modern art.

The net impression left by the "Fourteen Americans" show is of a kind of shabbiness, half-bakedness, a lack of seriousness and independence and energy, the fault of which lies more with the person who selected and arranged the show than with the artists shown. Whoever he was, he seems altogether devoid of personal taste—more reliant on tips than on his own judgment.

It is precisely personal taste that furnished the auspices of the Metropolitan's show of a group of contemporary American paintings bought by the State Department for exhibition in South America and elsewhere. In my opinion it was the best group show of this nature to be held in New York for years. Disagreement with many of his inclusions and omissions does not abate my admiration for the way in which J. Leroy Davidson of the State Department handled his job. Obviously, he realized that the cultural situation in Latin America is such that its connoisseurs of modern art are more likely to be impressed by daring and plastic originality than by the American "scene" or our home-grown surrealism; and that it was up to the State Department to show people whose taste is oriented toward Paris that we too keep abreast of the advances in art. Whether he wanted to or not, Mr. Davidson had to take a definite and bold line, and therefore a good half of his show goes determinedly in the direction of the abstract.

But Mr. Davidson's exhibition does not make the point of being advanced merely for the sake of being so; in proportion, there is almost as much bad advanced or abstract painting as there is any other kind. Mr. Davidson also has a taste, a personal and definite one, that accords with the line he took. Though he shows many bad pictures by poor artists, he shows enough good pictures, even by mediocre artists, to more than make up for them. And at least there is some relation to be discerned between the bad and the good; they are not thrown together helter-skelter by a jury the only connection between whose members is one of time and place; they have an organic relation to each other that is enlightening in itself. Mr. Davidson's exhibition is in a way a remarkable accomplishment, and its moral should be taken to heart by others who control the public destiny of art in our country.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

VICTOR takes the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season as the occasion for the release of a large number of operatic recordings. One is *Eri tu* from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," sung by Leonard Warren (11-9292; $1). This is one of the times when Warren is content not to bawl but really to sing and to phrase with discretion and taste; and the splendor of his voice ravishes the ear. On the reverse side is the Credo from Verdi's "Otello," which Warren sings with more, but not excessive, power. Another excerpt from "Un Ballo in Maschera," the third-act *Ma se m'è forza perderti,* and *O Paradiso!* from Meyerbeer's "Africaine" are excellently sung by Jan Peerce (11-9295; $1). Zinka Milanov's phrasing and style in *Casta diva* from Bellini's "Norma" are superb, but the performance happens to be one of the occasions when her voice is not under control and is therefore clouded by tremolo and not securely on pitch. On the reverse side of the record (11-9293; $1) she sings *Suicidio!* from "La Gioconda." Blanche Thebom's voice is opulent in Waltraute's Narrative from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," which I find myself disliking as much this time as the last for its Wagnerian portentous mumbo-jumbo (11-9296; $1). For this excerpt Frieder Weissman produces the Wagnerian orchestral ebb and flow satisfactorily, but he imparts no force to the accompaniments for the Italian excerpts. The performances are beautifully reproduced, except for the almost inaudible woodwind (?) figuration in the transition from the introductory recitative to the beginning of *Casta diva;* and my copies of Waltraute's Narrative and *O Paradiso!* suffer from wavering pitch. On another single (11-9294; $1) are the Anvil Chorus from Verdi's "Trovatore" and the Bridal Chorus from Wagner's "Lohengrin" excellently sung and performed by the Victor Chorale and Orchestra under Robert Shaw, and excellently reproduced.

A volume called "A Treasury of Grand Opera" (Set 1074; $4.85) contains additional recordings—some previously issued, some new—of an excerpt from each of seven operas. There are the Prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," superbly performed by Toscanini with the N. B. C. Symphony; *Il mio tesoro* from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," sung without musical style by James Melton with an orchestra under Breisach; *Ritorna vincitor* from Verdi's "Aida," cut and somewhat hurried to fit on one side, beautifully sung by Milanov with an orchestra under Weissmann; *Un di felice* from Verdi's "Traviata," well sung by Peerce and Albanese with an orchestra under Weissmann; the Habanera from Bizet's "Carmen," acceptably sung by Gladys Swarthout with chorus and orchestra under Leinsdorf; the Soldiers' Chorus from Gounod's "Faust," well-sung and performed by the Victor Chorale and Orchestra under Shaw; the Prologue to Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," sung by Warren with an orchestra under Weissmann. When the "Lohengrin"

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performance was issued I mentioned that it was recorded with liveness and brilliance on top but with insufficient body down below and with automatic limitation of volume, so that the climax did not have the depth and massiveness, nor the entire performance the organic proportions, that they have on the older record of Toscanini's performance with the New York Philharmonic. The other performances are well-recorded.

Another set (1073; $3.85) offers several excerpts from Russian operas sung by Kipnis with an orchestra under Berezovsky. They are Prince Gremin's aria from Tchaikovsky's "Eugen Onegin," the Song of the Viking Guest from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," the aria of Prince Galitzky from Borodin's "Prince Igor," the Miller's aria from Dargomijsky's "Russalka," and a bit of the Inn Scene from Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" (with Anna Leskaya and Ilya Tamarin)—to which is added Mussorgsky's "Song of the Flea." The music is enjoyable; but in the arias there is much mouthing and chewing of the big bass sonorities, and in "The Flea" there is dramatic over-emphasis and distortion to the point of horrible caricature. The orchestral parts are well-done, and the performances are excellently reproduced.

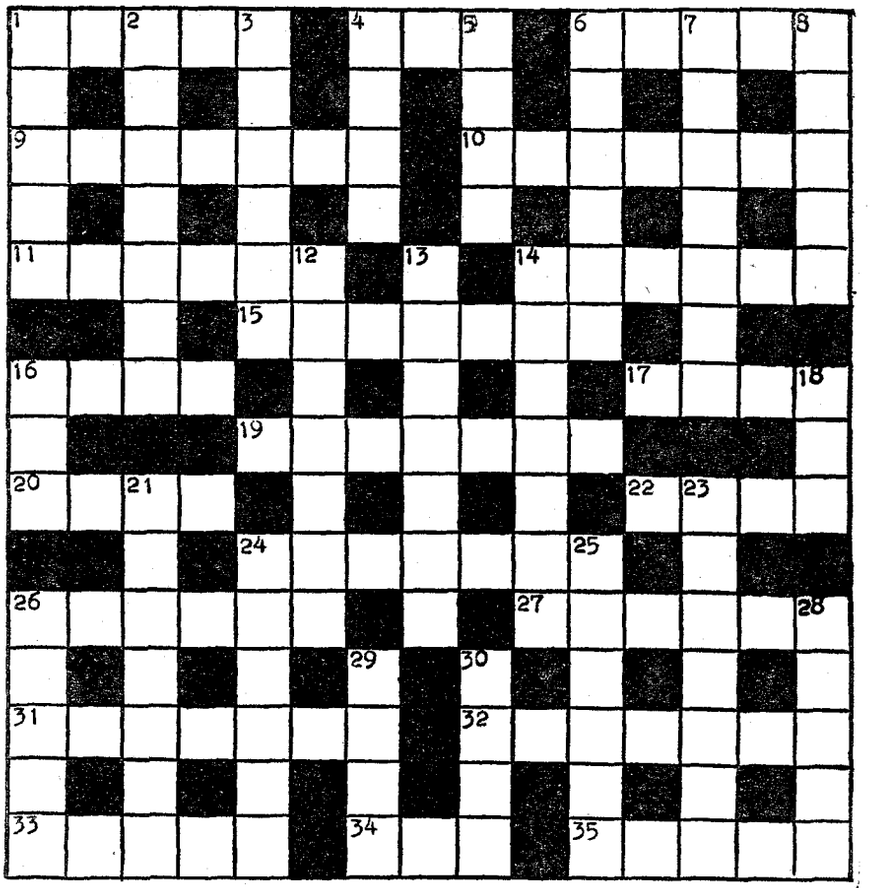
On one side of a Victor plastic record (18-0053; $2) Koussevitzky shows how *he* plays Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." The pace is a little faster than Toscanini's; and after the brilliant opening the quiet passages are done with the orchestra's characteristic refinement of sonority and execution that is right for Ravel but a little odd and amusing in Sousa; but the Koussevitzky thumb-print on the performance is the huge retardation introducing the concluding statement. On the reverse side is "Semper Fidelis." The recorded sound of the performances is magnificent, but clouded by reverberation.

Why Glazunov's ballet suite "The Seasons" should be recorded I don't know; but it has been by Dorati with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra (Set 1072; $4.85). Performance and recording are good.

Columbia has issued a set (648; $3.85) of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 13 ("Pathétique") played by Serkin. The feeble, dull sound of the piano as it began to come from the first record was almost unbelievable; and so was Serkin's performance—his lack of power even in the introduction, his fleet-fingered rattling off of the fast movements, his inability to create any phraseological continuity from one sound to the next in the melody of the slow movement.

Crossword Puzzle No. 188

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Scotch liquor—very warming
4 Is he a self-starter?
6 No part of an austerity garment
9 Winged words (3 and 4)
10 He rated Shylock
11 Any numeral
14 Brides in ruins
15 Nil desperandum is never this
16 German who is four-fifths of the crew
17 Fair and square
19 Bedecked
20 A jerk
22 Stubborn thing
24 Chemists' rejoinders
26 Damage
27 Award for promotion or disgrace
31 Plant of slow growth, apparently
32 Used for raising and lowering the Stars and Bars
33 Literary Beau
34 A shilling each way
35 Responsible for some of the mounting costs of house-building

DOWN

1 Our best friend in life, but one we rarely trouble to cultivate
2 They advance backwards
3 Warmed up
4 Deeper than a bay
5 A vital matter
6 The author of your being
7 Supply with nervous energy
8 Social celebrities who make beastly kings
12 What Rufus was hunting in the New Forest? (3 and 4)
13 He doesn't waste a crumb
14 Literary productions containing no unassimilable facts?
16 "With a ---, ho, and a --- nonino" (*As You Like It*)
18 Biddable old man?
21 Small pincers
23 Associated with forty thieves in the *Arabian Nights* tale (3 and 4)
24 An eddy
25 You must surmount them if they cross your path
26 To travel thus would seem to make a new man of you
28 His family tree is not great, though of greater age
29 Food for a butterfly
30 Small fat river-fish

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 187

ACROSS:—1 GRAPH; 4 STARK; 7 ASPHALT; 10 ERNES; 11 ULTRA; 12 HUDDLED; 13 TEXT; 16 FREE; 18 PLUMP; 20 GAMBLE; 21 BARRED; 22 GRIPPE; 24 GAZEBO; 25 SIREN; 26 ADDS; 28 SATE; 31 TOFFEES; 33 NIOBE; 34 ALONG; 35 RELOADS; 36 RUN IN; 37 HODGE.

DOWN:—1 GUEST; 2 ANNEX; 3 HASH; 4 STUD; 5 ALTAR; 6 KNAVE; 8 PUDDLE; 9 APLOMB; 14 ENGAGED; 15 TOMMIES; 16 FARMERS; 17 ENDMOST; 18 PLOPS; 19 PAGAN; 23 EIFFEL; 24 GENERA; 26 ABNER; 27 DROWN; 29 ALOUD; 30 EAGLE; 31 TERN; 32 SASH.

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Letters to the Editors

For Further Information

Dear Sirs: We woodworkers are grateful to you and to Dick Neuberger for bringing our forestry program and the aims of the Hook forestry bill to the attention of *Nation* readers (issue of October 5).

Those who want to know more about it should write to us or the national C. I. O. for the C. I. O.'s new pamphlet, "America's Log Jam and How to Break It" (32 pages, illustrated, 15 cents).

ELLERY FOSTER
Research Director, International Woodworkers of America

Portland, Ore., October 12

Begging the Question?

Dear Sirs: That Mr. Krutch (*The Nation,* October 26) should call O'Neill's less laudatory critics "detractors," and should think of their remarks as "grumbling," *is*—in the strictest sense—impertinent. It is as if I should retort that many of O'Neill's *most* laudatory critics are his old colleagues and personal friends.

The real issue is not joined in Mr. Krutch's article. Mr. Krutch assumes that the gifts O'Neill possesses are central and that those he lacks are peripheral. This is to beg the whole question. Those of us who find O'Neill something much less than great would say that he has all too many of the peripheral gifts and perhaps none of the central ones. The question, clearly, is: what is central and what peripheral? Can a playwright with the faults which Mr. Krutch, Mr. Nathan, Mr. Young, and Mr. Atkinson find in O'Neill really be a very good playwright?

I should be happy to try to answer these questions myself had I any chance of getting my answers printed by *The Nation.*

ERIC BENTLEY

Minneapolis, October 28

"Who's Who" Explains

Dear Sirs: My attention has been brought to the statement in the column entitled In the Wind, in the October 19 issue of *The Nation,* that Joe Louis Barrow is not included in "Who's Who," but that James Joseph Tunney has been listed since 1938.

Just to keep the record straight, I should like to point out, first, that the policy of "Who's Who" has always been not to include those whose prominence is due solely to their physical prowess. That is why Joe Louis Barrow has never appeared in "Who's Who." You will note that Jack Dempsey was never sketched, nor was Babe Ruth. . . .

As for Mr. Tunney, he appeared in 1938 only when he had become chairman of the board of a large corporation of national reference interest. Incidentally, I understand that Mr. Barrow is scheduled for a current issue of "The Monthly Supplement to Who's Who."

WHEELER SAMMONS, JR.
Assistant Publisher, "Who's Who"

Chicago, October 30

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